



THE



LEISURE HOUR

JANUARY, 1883.

Contents.

The Old Man's Will. By the Author of "A Young Wife's Story." I.—IV. 1

A New Year's Watchword. By the Rev. Prebendary HARRY JONES. 14

Sketches in the Malay Peninsula. By the Author of "A Lady's Ride in the Rocky Mountains," etc. I., II. 17

Gertrude 24

The First of the White Month 27

Washington Irving and his Friends 29



Contents.

Hughenden and Lord Beaconsfield 33

How the Newspaper is made 38

Lawyers and their Haunts. I.—New Law Courts. 43

Concerning Cats. I. 48

Dorset Folk and Dorset. By the Rev. W. BARNES, B.D. 52

Wooded in Jest and Wedded in Earnest. 56

Egyptian Pigeon Towers 59

The Sweet Sad Years 23

An English Lane. 42

Varieties 59

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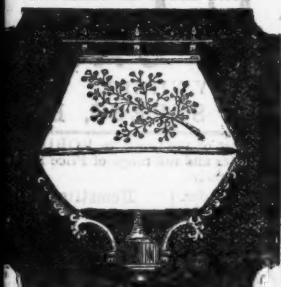
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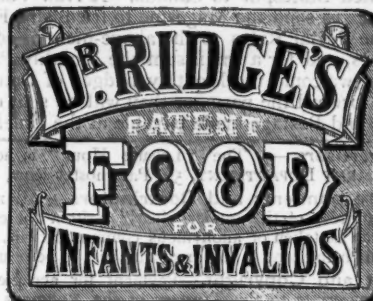
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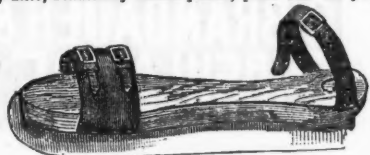
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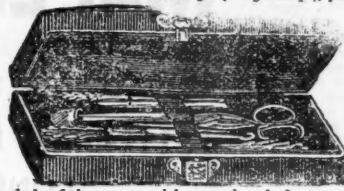
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WITH COLOURED FRONTISPIECE. SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

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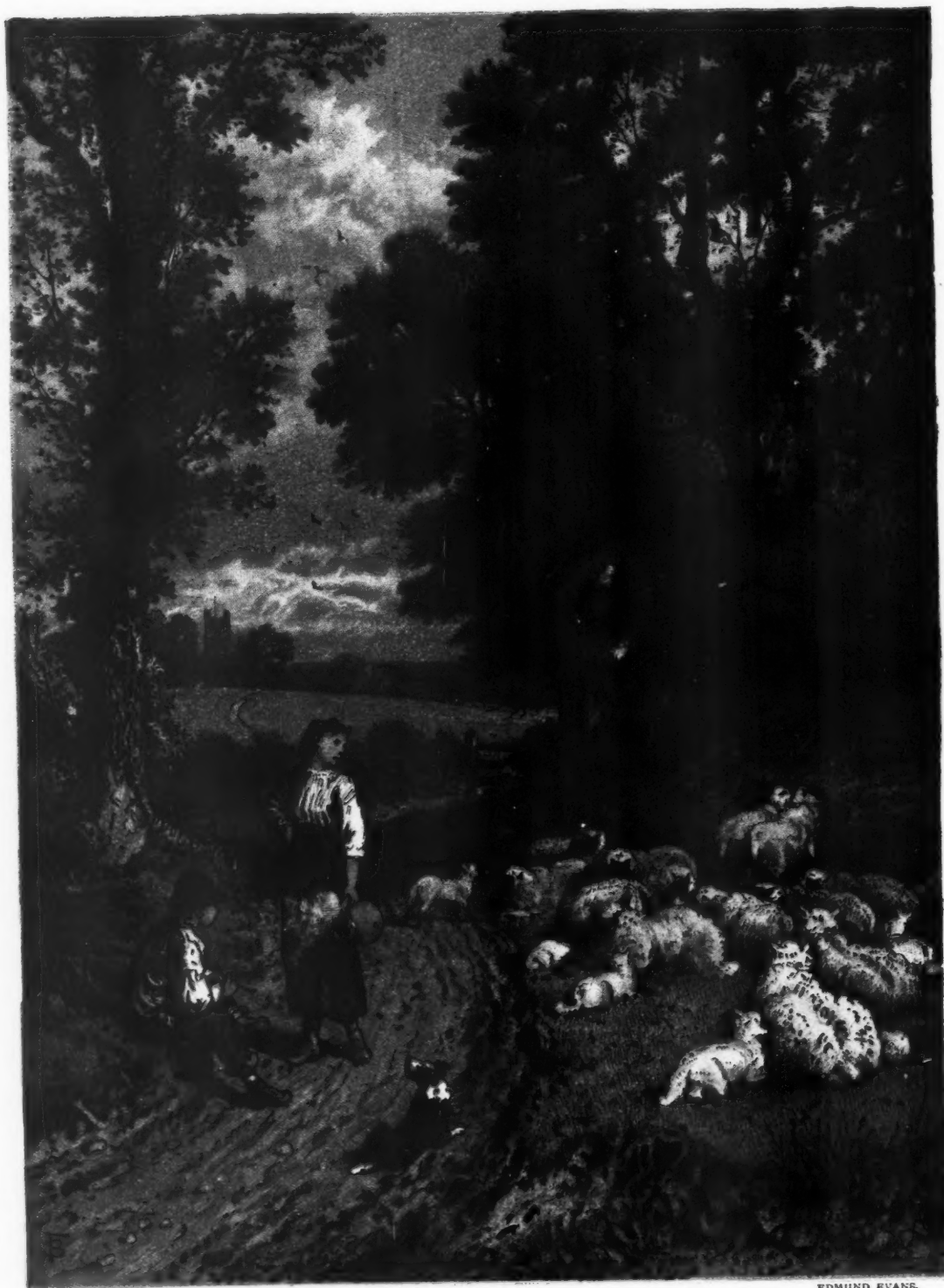
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THE OLD MAN'S WILL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY," ETC.



JEWELS FOR MISS ETTA.

CHAPTER I.—A THOUGHTLESS WORD.

"WHAT time did I tell you to fetch her?"
"Miss Etta comes by the early train."

The question was asked in an irritable tone and answered in the cheery voice by which some men have the good fortune to be served in spite of their own harshness and ruggedness to those around them.

"The latest would have been soon enough," growled Mr. Rivers. "Why does she come at all? What good can a chit like that do me? Better stay where she is. Give me that letter again. Push my chair nearer to the window—not in the sun, you blockhead! There, that will

do. Now go about your business, Merry. Mind, I don't want to see Miss Etta until I send for her."

The servant, with imperturbable good-humour, did as he was bid, and having placed his master near the open window, he laid the letter on a table beside him and withdrew.

The old man took it up with a slow, tremulous movement of the hands and a frown upon his puckered forehead, which deepened as his eye rested on the commencement—"Dear Grandpa." Nor was the look of annoyance diminished as he read the remainder.

"I thank you for being willing to let me stay with my friend Ethel as long as I like, but at the end of this week I am coming home. My duty is to be with you. Are you not surprised at little Etta using such a big word? Miss Owen's lectures ought to bear some fruit, and I am going to be so good and steady and wait on you all I can. Please remember that I am now eighteen, and mean to become a sedate personage. My head is full from morning to night. You will see that I am growing into a woman, and intend to be wise and thoughtful and do all the good I can. Poor dear mamma would have been so glad to hear me say this, and it is all Miss Owen's doing. I have told the Dawsons that you are quite willing for me to stay longer with them, but that I do not think it right to remain away from you now that you are ill and unable to go about, and that I shall leave them on Friday morning and be at Deane Hollow about twelve o'clock. Send Merry to meet me, and let me have a fly.

Your affectionate daughter,

ETTA LACY."

When Etta Lacy penned the above lines, having worked herself into a state of dutiful regard, and into the exercise of such principles as she possessed, she was far from suspecting the displeasure they would occasion. Her letter was youthful, it might be called girlish, but it was genuine; why then did it meet with such an ungracious reception? As the old man read he stopped to comment after his fashion, chiefly by signs of disapproval, or, if in words, they were monosyllabic and only three. "Hussy!" That followed the perusal of the address, "Dear grandpa," which was certainly more flippant than respectful. "Duty!" He laughed a low grating laugh as he repeated the word, such a laugh as no one cares to hear, and no one can hear without distrust and aversion. At the mention of Miss Owen's lectures he curled his lips disdainfully, uttering an emphatic "Humph!" growled thanklessly at Etta's proposed services, and remained cold and unmoved at the allusion to the one sole tender sentiment of his life. That had too completely passed away to affect him now except by making him fret over the circumstances that had sprung out of it.

The rural scene before his eyes only increased his depression and ill-humour. Meadows of rich pasturage, enamelled with flowers, part of which still sparkled under the June sun, and part of which the mowers were beginning to lay low in long symmetrical lines, filled the air with perfume. Sounds so familiar to Mr. Rivers, the whetting of the scythe, and the merry voices of the labourers laughing and joking over their work, reached the sick man's chamber every now and then; and each time they did so his face grew harder, his heart heavier, and his temper more irritable. Now was the haymaking season, soon would come the harvest, and he was still an invalid, still unable to go about his farm and his business. Such a thing had never happened to him before, and this, according to his reasoning, made it all the harder to bear. Health and strength, preserved to the age of seventy-five, instead of raising feelings of thankfulness, rendered him angry and impatient

at their withdrawal, especially as he considered his inopportune illness aggravated by his present peculiar position. Hitherto his life had been successful, that is, it suited him. Out of doors, on foot or on horseback, from morning to night, going hither and thither about his farms and his country duties, a good landlord, ready at all times to hear complaints or redress grievances, satisfied with his income, careful only to improve his property, not for gain but because he loved the occupation—to such a man the restraint of the last few months was intolerable. No prisoner more sighed for liberty than did Mr. Rivers for a life of activity in the open air. The continued confinement soured him more and more every day, and Etta's reference to her mother only increased his exasperation.

Yet Mr. Rivers had really loved his wife, all the more deeply that the ruggedness of his nature shut him out from the general amenities of life. Her loss had been a great blow to him, the heavier because so sudden and unexpected. At first he did not realise the circumstances in which her death placed him with regard to her daughter. Indeed he had never thought much about Etta. In all he did, Maggie alone had occupied any place in his views and calculations with regard to the future. Being thirty years her senior, he naturally expected her to survive him. When, in order to secure her, he made what he now considered a weak and foolish promise, he thought to have a companion for his old age and a gentle ministrant to his comfort in the time of sickness or infirmity. "L'homme propose"—it was Mr. Rivers's lot to experience in bitterness of heart that "Dieu dispose," and that his plans and selfish concessions must all end in disappointment.

When Maggie Williams, years ago, paid her first visit to Deane Hollow, she had just left school, and was a bright, lively, beautiful girl. She was an orphan. Mr. Reade, the vicar, who had known her parents and had been in some way connected with them, invited her to his house until some employment could be found for her. He had acted as a sort of guardian, that is, he had put her to a good school, supplementing her limited funds from his own, and had her trained, as he hoped, to make her own way in the world. But Maggie's talents were not called out as her guardian intended, prospects totally different being offered to her.

Whilst staying at the vicarage she unwittingly fascinated two men considerably her seniors, one was Mr. Reade himself, and the other Mr. John Rivers, of Deane Hollow. The former was a gentleman in every sense of the word, refined in person, tastes, and manners; the latter belonged to a good old family, though himself a rough excrement on the genealogical stem. He was a landed proprietor in a large way, had several farms let to good tenants, and kept about a thousand acres in his own hands; the cultivation of these constituting the joy of his life. Horses and dogs being his most cherished companions, rough words and unrefined habits were the not unnatural consequence. Books were his aversion, his reading scarcely ever going beyond the newspaper

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and the "Farmer's Chronicle." Mr. Reade, on the other hand, was a scholar, never happier than when his parochial duties permitted him to enjoy the contents of a well-filled library. He was grave, but had a kindly eye that could sometimes twinkle with humour, and a voice of intense sweetness.

The personal appearance of the two men was equally distinctive and characteristic. Mr. Reade was undoubtedly handsome; his features, though strongly marked, were finely chiselled, his aquiline nose and delicately-cut mouth gave him an air of birth and breeding which the other did not possess, and his gentle bearing made him welcome in any society whenever he could be lured away from his own fireside, which was but seldom.

Mr. Rivers, though of equal birth, had not the appearance of it. Exposure to all weathers, freedom of living, familiar acquaintance with his strongest home-brewed October ale, and the lack of the softening influence of a cultured mind, which never fails to leave some trace behind, rendered his features coarse, nor were they improved by his swarthy complexion. To say the least, he was hard-looking. How came it that such a man should have succumbed to the attractions of one so young and inexperienced as Maggie Williams? It is difficult to say, or to investigate, for when did love grow by rule?

It happened that Maggie in her walks and wanderings often met Mr. Rivers riding about his lanes and fields on a certain pony which first engaged her admiration, and to which, before long, she quite lost her heart. It was so pretty, so swift and so spirited; it became her one desire to mount this pony; and to obtain her wish Maggie put forth all the coaxing wiles of which she was mistress. Mr. Rivers was loth to lend it, but Maggie was persevering. Dimples, smiles, and gentle entreaties did their work at last, and Mr. Rivers, unaccustomed to language of that description and the fascinations of youthful beauty, first hesitated and then yielded. Maggie's pleading blue eyes and caressing voice were too much for him; his churlishness gave way, and he not only lent her the pony but taught her to ride, and devoted many an hour to giving her a good gallop across the country, which never failed to add increased brilliance to an already beautiful complexion, and a buoyancy of spirit that made her an agreeable companion. And Maggie was happy enough; no thoughts of to-morrow darkened the sunshine of to-day.

After a while an invitation came for her to visit a former schoolfellow, lately married, and now settled in what may be called, for want of a better term, fashionable life; and this she gladly accepted.

Deane Hollow was rather a dull place for a young girl. It was a long, straggling village, where the best society consisted of the families of farmers more or less aspiring. The neighbourhood was good, but Maggie had had no introductions, Mr. Reade being by choice a recluse, and not keeping any sort of carriage. A brother clergyman from one of the adjoining parishes would occasionally drop in and lure him

away to some clerical meeting; and another had said that he would send his daughters to see Maggie, but nothing had really been done; so that, had it not been for the pony and Mr. Rivers, her life could not have been a merry one. Even as it was, she was glad of a change, and bade her two friends farewell with a smiling face and a bounding heart. Both of them were sorry to lose her. Mr. Rivers told her to return soon and become the mistress of Deane Hollow; and Mr. Reade, after modestly alluding to the disparity of age, offered her a home for life, and bade her think no more about going into the world to gain her own living.

Maggie, however, was not disposed to listen to either of her elderly suitors. At her age the proposals made had no attraction. She was clever; she wanted amusement, and her schoolfellows had taught her to think herself beautiful. Yet Maggie was not more vain than many plainer girls, and often made merry over her governess's attempt to uproot vanity by assigning a cracked looking-glass to her especial use.

It is not necessary to the course of the story to follow Maggie throughout her visit. Her friend, Lady Wortley, was kind and glad to have her. She was, besides, rather proud to chaperon so pretty a girl, and took her much into society. Lively and charming, Maggie had many admirers, and more than one offer of marriage; but they were again from men so much her seniors that her heart remained unimpressed. She preferred the single blessedness of her present life. But after a time another suitor appeared on the scene, and Maggie was captivated in her turn. Captain Lacy was young, dashing, and joyous as herself, and him she accepted, though he had but little fortune, and, moreover, his regiment was on the point of sailing for India. To Maggie this was no objection; she had no particular ties at home, and her youthful love coloured the future with brightness, wholly independent of place or clime.

The marriage took place at Lady Wortley's house, and was rather a hurried affair. Mr. Reade gave her away, adding a handsome wedding present, and Maggie, in the early autumn, accompanied her husband to the scene of his duties, flushed with hope and expectation, believing in herself, in him, and in all the world.

After an absence of fifteen years she returned to England, a widow, with one child, a girl of eleven. If Time writes his wrinkles on the brow, he often makes stranger havoc of the heart and character. He did so with Mrs. Lacy. Her marriage had been a disappointment. The bright, single-minded Maggie had grown into a calculating woman. Life had lost its bloom, and all the glamour which youth can hardly help casting over it had departed, leaving no enduring heart-fortifying principle in its place. She did not hesitate to own to herself that she wanted to be rich; more for her daughter's sake than for her own, she continually repeated in her thoughts, though her hearty dislike of poverty was genuine. Her health had suffered. Though only thirty-three, she looked considerably older, and had lost much of her former beauty. She had also become

indolent, and sighed for a life of greater ease and comfort than her very small income could procure.

Designedly she turned her thoughts to Deane Hollow. Having kept up a desultory correspondence with Mr. Reade, she knew that her former friends were still bachelors, and believed that what in the heyday of youth she had deemed insupportable might be a comfortable position for her advancing years. How else could she provide for the darling child who was all the world to her?

The vicar being her nominal guardian, she lost no time in apprising him of her arrival in England, and asked his advice with reference to her future movements. Her letter, as she expected, produced an invitation to the vicarage, and once there, the renewal of her acquaintance with Mr. Rivers was a matter of course. In comparison with him, Maggie was still young; she took care to be attractive also. Before long he again fell under the influence of his former charmer—more completely than before, and this time with some prospect of success.

Mrs. Lacy held out hopes that she might be induced to change her state, and finally made terms. Soft and smiling, she was also shrewd and determined. She never frowned, never raised her voice in opposition or argument, never looked cross or spoke harshly, or in any way departed from an even sweetness that could not fail to please; nor, it must be owned, ever wavered in the stipulations through which alone she would consent to become the wife of Mr. Rivers. But Maggie was as wary as she was resolute, and knew how to bide her time. Circumstances, as she was well aware, favoured her designs.

Mr. Rivers had quarrelled with his family. Two nephews, the children of two different brothers, were his nearest male relatives, and both had incurred his displeasure. The elder had stained his honour and had been driven out of the country as a Pariah by his uncle; the younger had offended him, and had, moreover, the disadvantage of being the son of a mother whom Mr. Rivers particularly disliked. Indisposed to make either of these two young men his heirs, it was perhaps not unnatural that he should listen to his temptress and promise, in default of children of his own, to settle Deane Hollow and all its appurtenances upon Maggie and her daughter. The promise was given in writing, and the will made before the marriage, for Mr. Rivers's wrath against his nephews had then undergone no abatement. Mrs. Lacy became his wife, and Etta, in the course of time, was taught to look upon herself as the future owner of a property worth upwards of two thousand pounds a year.

It cannot be said that Mr. Rivers had cause to repent of what he had done. Maggie made him a kind and gentle wife. His wedded life was on the whole far happier than his bachelorhood, although a little cloud, small indeed at first, sometimes overcast the domestic horizon. Etta was her mother's idol, a spoilt child, not naturally unamiable, but much indulged and conscious of her power. Like many mothers, sensible in other respects, Mrs. Rivers ever found some reason satisfactory to herself for yielding to the wishes

and fancies of her child, and did not realise the habitual annoyance this caused her husband. At first, owing to Etta's coaxing ways, Mr. Rivers tolerated her with a certain dull complacency, but the time came when the weak indulgence bore fruit—Etta became self-willed and disobedient, and Mr. Rivers grew cross and surly, and once even threatened her with his riding-whip. Maggie became alarmed, and thought the wisest course to adopt was to send the girl to school, only letting her come home for the holidays, when, through her mother's watchfulness, she rarely offended to any great extent, except by calling her stepfather "grandpa." She meant no harm; it was a childish caprice, but it was a grievous offence in the old man's eyes, who regarded it as an impertinence for which he secretly cherished a feeling akin to rancour.

One day when Etta had entered her fifteenth year her mother thought it right to take her into her confidence. Embracing the opportunity when Mr. Rivers was gone to town on business, she opened her heart and revealed to the astonished girl the conditions on which she had married her second husband, enjoining her to testify her gratitude by more submission and thoughtful kindness.

"Then I shall be rich, mamma?" said Etta, opening wide her large blue eyes, now sparkling with excitement.

"Some day, my dear."

"I hope it will be soon."

Shocked and frightened by Etta's naïve expression of her joy, Maggie did her best to damp the eagerness of the thoughtless girl, and then dropped the subject, not without serious misgivings as to her own wisdom in having made the revelation. She was really alarmed at the effect of what she had done, and was glad that Etta had to return to school on the morrow.

"What is the matter with your daughter?" said Mr. Rivers, in the after-part of the day. "She is like a wild colt. I found her in the orchard, without a bonnet, running races with the dogs, shouting and singing. Not that I mind, for I wish she were a boy; but I know that you do, and so I told her, when she turned upon me, called me her cross old dad, then hugged me like a little bear, and said she was going to be the best child in the world."

"Was that all?" asked Mrs. Rivers, rather anxiously.

"Oh, if you don't mind I am sure I don't," rejoined her husband, unconscious of her drift; "the more of a tom-boy she is the better she will suit me."

This also was another source of distress to Maggie. If ever Mr. Rivers was disposed to show Etta any particular kindness it was when she had been guilty of some hoydenish behaviour for which she ought to have received reproof.

And so for these double reasons Maggie was glad to keep her at school, willingly depriving herself of her child's presence for her personal advantage, trusting to the future to indemnify her for the present sacrifice. But mother and daughter were not destined to live the happy life to-

gether that Maggie so naturally anticipated. Before the long half-year was out Mrs. Rivers was taken seriously ill; Etta was summoned from school, and arrived in time to see her mother alive—but that was nearly all. Mrs. Rivers was too exhausted for conversation. With effort she bequeathed her child to her husband, and recommended Etta to be a good daughter to him as long as he lived. The few jewels she had were of course for Etta, and she wished them to be given her as soon as she quitted school, packed up as she had left them, untouched by any one else.

When all was over, Etta returned to Miss Owen; her mother had wished her to do so, and Mr. Rivers was more than willing. A girl, nearly sixteen, on his hands, to be brought up in ladylike habits and with modern ideas, was too great a charge for him. At first Etta came home for the holidays, but finding the Hall dull, and, it must be owned, Mr. Rivers uncongenial, she asked and obtained leave to spend the vacations with her friend Ethel Dawson, into whose family she was welcomed as one of its members, and fêted and petted too, tasting and enjoying the subtle flattery often thoughtlessly offered to girls of good expectations. Unhappily for Etta, the weak points of her character were thus fostered instead of checked.

At seventeen and a half she was still with Miss Owen, having arranged to remain at school another year, in order that she and Ethel might leave together—the latter being just a year her junior. But during that year Mr. Rivers had two attacks of illness; the last was undoubtedly a paralytic seizure, and from this he was now suffering. Etta had not been made acquainted with the first attack, and only accidentally with the second, through Miss Owen, who heard it indirectly when the remittance for her account was forwarded to her by Mr. Rivers's lawyer. She then thought it her duty to counsel Etta to return home.

CHAPTER II.—EXTREMES MEETING, YOUTH AND AGE.

AFTER reperusing Etta's letter, Mr. Rivers sat for a long time with his hands crossed over his breast and his shaggy brows drawn together, silently brooding over his past life. It had been a long one, not overcrowded with incidents, yet was it one which furnished him with much food for reflection. It had not done him much good, nor was that surprising. He had always pleased himself, obeyed the passion and impulse of the moment, and now, when approaching the end, he was saying in his heart with angry bitterness, as he examined each event that had occurred, "All these things are against me." One nephew was beyond the reach of his forgiveness, but the other—he had willed away from him what he began to consider his lawful inheritance. Not till now had he really repented of the promise given to Etta's mother, nor been alive to the inconveniences and vexations it would bring upon him. Whatever the shortcomings of Ernest, he was a man and a Rivers, two powerful pleas in his favour, and,

consequently, a far more suitable successor than Etta Lacy.

"How should a girl know how to direct a property like Deane Hollow? Besides, in the course of time there would be a husband, a greater stranger still, and what could he be to me?" thought the old man, moodily, really less influenced by his being an outsider than by the idea of his belonging to Etta, whom he did not like. She had too often stood between her mother and himself when he had been obliged to give way for that mother's sake. He could not forget that Etta's wishes generally came first, or, if they were ever set aside for him, it was done in such a way that he was made to feel it was a sacrifice.

In fact, Mr. Rivers was thinking more kindly of his nephew than he had ever done before. Etta's letter offended him in more ways than one. Her imperative order to send Merry with a fly displeased him not a little, as well as the general tone of her communication. "We shall see who is master. I will have no airs and graces here, and if you think I will you are much mistaken," he muttered, fixing his eyes upon the door, as if addressing Etta herself. But this aggressive mood did not last long. Presently his head drooped upon his breast, the difficulties that surrounded him weighed him down. Harvest-time was approaching. Was there any chance of his getting better, and being able to ride about his fields? If not, how would things go on without the eye of a master? There would be waste, carelessness, and all the usual drawbacks attendant upon ignorance and prejudice. The corn would be garnered too soon and ferment, or be gathered in too dry and be partly lost. Whom could he trust except his faithful Merry, who was as ignorant of agriculture as a townsman, and could only transmit orders without hazarding an opinion of his own? Clearly he ought to have a responsible person about him, and who so suitable as his own nephew?

"Ernest is a jackanapes," he said to himself; "a fop, nothing better than a fine gentleman, with his long hair and white hands and pretended learning. He hardly knows one crop from another, probably, but yet he is, or at least he might easily be, better than a girl. If he knew the place was to come to him he might be willing to be taught. He could look after things, do as he was told, and see that the labourers did their work; he might, in time, use his brains to some purpose. That would be far better for him than giving himself to scribbling what most likely no one ever reads, and in time—"

Mr. Rivers did not finish his sentence, but his thoughts ran on. He wanted to see his nephew in and about the house. Being a rough, noisy man himself, the silence that reigned everywhere made him feel dull. He did not like being so much alone; he wanted some one to talk to him. Etta he completely ignored; her voice and presence were alike uninteresting. But for the promise that hung over him he would not have thought of her at all. Why should he not change his mind? Circumstances surely justified his doing so. What could a girl do with farms and

leaseholds and agricultural interests? She must get some one to manage for her, and this some one would naturally cheat and defraud her, or she would fall a prey to some idle fortune-hunter.

The longer he meditated the more reasons offered themselves for not making Etta his heiress. It is true he had promised his wife to settle Deane Hollow upon her and her daughter, and in writing, too. Ah! what had become of the little document which Maggie had insisted upon his giving her? He had not found it among his papers and possessions, and yet he believed Maggie Rivers too clever and too much alive to the uncertainties of life to have destroyed it. The will had been made before their marriage. Maggie had not only seen it, but had been allowed to lock it up with her own hand in an iron box, among a parcel of leases and other parchments. Of course that other little bit of paper had no legal importance, but all the same, he wished he could find it.

A rumbling of wheels interrupted his vain effort to suggest a locality for the missing letter; it was the fly bringing Etta home, a home to her in every sense of the word, including as it did the future as well as the present. As she would have expressed herself, she was full of good resolutions, among which were not a few innovations upon former habits. Proposing to copy her mother in many respects, she intended to be a better mistress on the whole, being young, strong, and enterprising. She had thought a good deal about it in her way, and imagined herself capable of directing and ruling the household, altering some of its old-fashioned customs and modelling it, by degrees, after the modern and cheerful pattern she found so charming when visiting the Dawsons.

From the open window the old man heard her childish voice inquiring for him as soon as she got out of the fly, unhappily in those terms which were so distasteful to him.

"Where is grandpa?"

"Upstairs in his room; he will send for you when he is ready to see you."

"There is no occasion to send, I will go to him at once," said Etta, as unconscious of any intended repulse as of giving offence. Without suffering herself to be detained, she ran up the stairs, and, instead of waiting for an answer to her short sharp rap, opened the door. The surprise and annoyance visible on Mr. Rivers's countenance might have arrested her approach had she exercised a particle of observation, but with youthful heedlessness she rushed forward, repeating the obnoxious address, put her arms round his neck, and kissed him, saying,

"I am so sorry you are ill, grandpa, and am going to be so good. I shall do everything you bid me. Miss Owen tells me I must take care of you and humour you in every way."

"Humour!" growled the old man, savagely, "aye, that's the word. Some people humour naughty children until they grow up pert and good-for-nothing."

The tone even more than the words struck a chill to the girl's heart. What had she done? In all honesty of purpose she meant to try and be a daughter to her mother's husband. She had

been troublesome and disobedient, frequently setting her will against his in former days, and she did not really like him; all the same, it seemed to her so hard and cruel of him to repel her now, when her intentions were so good. Age and youth take such different views. To expect to reap as we sow is a lesson that years teach in their course, but it is one of the last that the young realise. Etta meant by-gones to be by-gones, and expected from Mr. Rivers the same indulgence she accorded to herself, not reflecting that it takes two to make a compact. Besides, she felt that it was her duty to be kind and loving, and she had schooled herself to be so—he had no one else. How, but by small attentions and gentle words, could she show her gratitude for all that he was going to give her? At Mr. Rivers's rough reception of her filial accolade Etta dropped her caressing arm, and stood for a moment with a naughty feeling tugging at her heart, a desire to say something not very amiable; but she speedily recovered her temper by the recollection that illness sometimes makes people cross without their knowing it, and this thought completed her self-conquest.

"You will find me a better girl now than I used to be, grandpapa," she said, meekly, still innocently using the objectionable term, a little modified because her spirit was dashed. "I wish dear mamma were here to see me. I am very sorry I was so wayward, but now I shall do everything I can to please you;" and Etta tried to look brave and sweet, neither showing herself to be hurt, nor desiring to resent his ungracious manner. "Mamma always told me to be good to you; always," she added, after a pause, "and I was naughty to disobey her."

"Aye, she did, did she? Gave you good advice even when she spoilt you," he answered, jeeringly, for Etta's remark had a very different effect from what she expected. Instead of tending to pacify, it provoked by bringing more vividly before him what he mentally termed his weakness and folly in making a bargain with his wife, especially now that the inconveniences of it were so palpable.

"You are very cross," said Etta, unable to repress any longer her wounded feelings, and yet struggling against them: "but perhaps you can't help it. Some are cross when they are ill, especially old people, and so I will try not to mind it and be as good as I can."

The childish voice wavered a little in spite of her efforts to steady it, for her heart was full. This was a very different coming home from what she had planned and reckoned upon. The dull old house she did not mind, that could be gradually transformed into something brighter, but Mr. Rivers's dry, harsh way of speaking, and cold, steely eyes fixed upon her so unkindly, made her feel unhappy. The old man's ear caught the sound of pain, so unlike Etta's usually cheerful voice; he looked at her steadily.

Had there been any resemblance to his lost wife, whose memory was really dear when no irritable feeling got the better of him, and when he could forget the stipulations she had made with him, he

might have been a little softened, but Etta, unfortunately for her, was quite of a different type.

Instead of Maggie's golden hair, hers was dark brown. Her eyes, though equally blue, had another expression—they were large, lustrous, and rather wondering, and generally sparkling with animation; whereas those of Mrs. Rivers, especially lately, indicated lassitude, if not indolence. In her youth Maggie had been spirited enough; that quality, however, seemed to have died out in India, while a double portion rested upon her daughter. Mrs. Rivers had possessed a brilliant complexion; Etta's was pale, a pearly white, with scarcely any bloom to contrast with its purity, except when under great excitement, and then it was lovely enough to vie with the rosy heart of a blush rose. The greatest dissimilarity was in size, Maggie having been above middle height, and Etta was far below—she was small and slight, a fairylike child, whom it seemed impossible to regard as a woman. In some respects a close observer might have perceived a likeness. There was the same beauty of profile, and a certain firmness about the mouth, intensified in Etta's case by a sharply-cut nostril not quite in keeping with the general very feminine character of her face. From a want of harmony in the features a physiognomist would have suspected the existence of striking inconsistencies and great self-will, mixed with much that was good and amiable. Which would predominate must naturally depend upon training, and there Mrs. Rivers entirely failed. Without what could be termed high principles herself, how could she impart them to others? Hers were of a lax, easy-going description, that gave her no trouble; she was content to be kind and good-natured, fulfilling an ordinary rôle of duty to her husband and neighbours, and did not really know anything of that sacred code which should and must be the golden thread of our inner life if we would live honoured and die happy, leaving behind some record that we have not lived in vain. But Etta's faults and misfortunes were by no means entirely owing to maternal weakness; some portion must be laid to the charge of the family she had taken as a model; nor were her failings peculiar.

She had, however, really subdued herself on the present occasion, and spoken mildly if not judiciously under aggravation, and great was her bewilderment as well as annoyance at finding her magnanimous resolution ungraciously received.

"Ah, ah! I see they have trained your tongue; but soft words butter no parsnips," said the old man, coarsely. "Now go and see about your dinner. When I want you I will send for you."

Thus summarily dismissed, Etta took herself off, feeling both mortified and cross. Nor did it please her that Deane Hollow should relapse into the primitive customs of midday dinner and an early supper. It was not so in her mother's time, why should it be so now? With her expectations and Mr. Rivers's actual income she thought they ought to live in the same style as her friends at Woodbridge Hill. She could not reconcile herself to retrogression, especially as she had talked over and settled her plans so often with

Ethel. If her school-life had not taught her common-sense it had filled her head with exaggerated notions of her social importance. She was ever conscious of being an heiress, and by-and-by she would be mistress of what seemed to her a large fortune.

"What did Mr. Rivers mean by saying that her tongue had been well trained?" she asked herself when alone. "Of course it had been—otherwise she could not have been so meek and patient under provocation. In her early life"—meaning three or four years previous to attaining her present maturity of eighteen—"she had often spoken pertly and opposed his wishes, but now she knew better. Such conduct was unsuitable and unbecoming; it was childish, and she had outgrown childish ways. Mr. Rivers should see how nice and sedate she had become." Yet all the same, even while she reasoned with herself, deep down in her heart of hearts Etta knew that she disliked the old man, and thought him more disagreeable than ever.

After a while she was summoned to dinner, and went down into the dining-room. There was nothing to offend her in this apartment; it was modern and unexceptionable, having been furnished for her mother, but the simple repast was badly served, and she was waited on by a slip-slop girl whose only tidiness consisted in a clean apron.

"Where is Merry?" asked Etta.

"With master."

Etta bent her head with juvenile dignity, accepting the explanation as reasonable.

After dinner she went to the drawing-room and found the door locked, though the key had not been removed. On opening it she could scarcely distinguish a single object, the windows and shutters being closed and the atmosphere far from agreeable. Calling Merry, who was passing near with his master's tray, she desired him to open the shutters. He did so, and the light revealed layers of dust which evidently had not been disturbed for a long while.

"Whose business is it to attend to this room?" inquired Etta.

"Well, miss, I hardly know. Master never uses it. I suppose Lizzie ought to do it."

"Then send Lizzie to me."

Merry went away with a grin on his face, not that he thought the order unreasonable, but he knew that the laziness and ease-taking of the female part of the establishment would now be invaded, and that they would not like it.

"Lizzie, Miss Etta wants you in madam's parlour, or whatever you call it, and—you had better take a duster with you, the room is in a mess," said Merry, when he reached the kitchen, addressing the damsel who had attended Etta at dinner, and who was a kind of housemaid. "You won't have so much time for gossiping now, I take it, and you will be all the better for it."

"If Miss Etta brings us more work she must give us more hands, and so I shall tell master," retorted the girl.

Lizzie presented herself with a kind of angry bounce, and, having received directions, set about

tidying the room in a sullen sort of way, determining in her own mind to be, what she termed, even with Etta and Merry too.

"This room must be ready for me every morning after breakfast," said Etta.

"It can't be ready before the afternoon. I have too much to do, and that's the long and short of the matter," answered Lizzie, saucily.

Etta was startled. Never having contemplated rebellion on the part of any members of the household, all of whom she imagined would look up to her as their mistress, she had no idea how to meet it.

In her mother's time the drawing-room was the usual sitting-room, and had always been ready, why should it not be so now? It was true that the housemaid then was very superior to Lizzie, and besides, as Mr. Rivers was not ill, Merry did many things in the house when not occupied in the garden. Had she made a mistake? She thought not, as she made a rapid review of the domestic arrangements of Woodbridge Hill.

"I shall expect the room to be ready by twelve o'clock," said Etta, endeavouring to make a dignified compromise.

"It can't, then," replied the girl, laying about her with the duster with such good will, or perhaps malicious intent, that Etta, nearly choked by the dust, was glad to make her escape, keenly mortified at the result of her first attempt to enact the mistress. Lizzie had had the last word, and watched Etta's small figure disappear through the doorway with undisguised triumph.

"A little Hop-o'-my-Thumb like that to think she is going to domineer over me!" she exclaimed with all the disdain of her class for a doubtful authority.

CHAPTER III.—A SEARCH AND ITS RESULTS.

WHEN Mr. Rivers awoke from his accustomed nap after dinner he began making repeated efforts to propel his wheeled chair to another part of the room, but all in vain. He could not move it, and was consequently very cross, principally just then with his doctor. What was the use of paying him money if he did him no good? For more than three weeks he had been nailed to that chair, and, though promised the use of his limbs again, he continued just the same except for a slight improvement in his hands. He who had never been waited upon in his life and despised helplessness and what he called limpness in others, could do nothing for himself. Strangers, or at least outsiders, must now meddle with his affairs and know what he was about. This thought was the one that most provoked him as he sat ruminating bitterly over his incapacity. As sometimes happens when the mind is strongly exercised on one subject, Mr. Rivers had dreamt about the packet destined for Etta, and remembered that, in gloomy sorrow after his wife's death, he had ordered her books, writing-desk, and everything particularly hers, to be taken away and locked up out of sight. Some articles were put in a closet in his room that was never opened. He recollected seeing the desk but not the parcel for Etta,

and yet it was most probably there. He had taken little notice at the time, only told Mrs. Rivers's maid to put all away. Others had been carried upstairs into the lumber-room. If he could but open the closet and look for himself! It was especially aggravating to have to ask for every trifle he desired.

Merry looked in just then, and inquired if his master wanted anything before he went to his work.

"Yes; open the closet by the side of my bed; the key ought to be somewhere in yonder top drawer."

Merry followed his instructions, and after some ransacking, which drew from the old man various impatient exclamations, produced the key.

"Now open the closet and tell me what you find there."

Merry did so, naming or describing the different objects after his fashion.

"Is there no parcel for Miss Etta among them? All that belonged to her mother is for her some day, of course, but I want now one particular parcel; it is directed to her."

Merry looked again more carefully, but could not find anything of the kind.

Mr. Rivers was disconcerted, feeling it an additional injury that he had just dreamt it was there.

"Then take the key of the lumber-room and search there. Look in every hole and corner, box or drawer, until you find it."

Though a favourite in many respects, Merry was not the person whom he would willingly have chosen for this errand; indeed no one was. It was an insufferable annoyance that he could not do it himself, and that he had not thought of it when locomotion was possible. The time of Merry's absence Mr. Rivers spent in mentally railing against circumstances, against Providence, his doctor, and a little against himself, but on the man's return with the missing packet he recovered his temper and gave a grunt of satisfaction.

"Shall I send Miss Etta to you?" asked Merry, officiously.

"No; go about your business."

For a few seconds after the door closed the old man did not stir, not until Merry's receding footsteps were no longer heard. He then began to try and undo the string. Though only simply tied, this was difficult for his enfeebled hands, but by persevering he succeeded. The paper was sealed, he tore it open, and then came upon a wooden box into which were packed some small cases and cardboard boxes containing all the jewels that Maggie Rivers had ever possessed. They were very few, neither of her husbands nor her friends having been profuse in gifts of that order. Turning these over roughly, Mr. Rivers uttered a low growl, wishing he had not given himself so much trouble for no better result, and thought of sending for Etta to take them away. To make quite sure that nothing escaped him, he tumbled the box topsy-turvy, when a paper lying at the bottom fell out, and with it a letter that was underneath.

"Ah, ah! here it is," he exclaimed, his withered cheek glowing with sudden joy. The joy was speedily checked by the afterthought, what

was he to do with it? Why, open it, of course. Although addressed to Etta, he fully believed that the envelope contained his own letter to his wife, and consequently that it belonged to him by a double ownership. Surely he had a right to do with it as he pleased. But this again was sealed. With all his plausible reasoning he felt there was something ugly in breaking the seal of a letter. And yet was not Etta his daughter—at least in law? Something like the shadow of a conscience told him that he was acting towards her in no parental spirit, and therefore was not entitled to the excuse of the relationship in the present instance. "But, after all, why trouble himself about it?" he thought. "What was the value of his letter if it proved to be that? None at all, legally; it was but a promise made in a moment of weakness, and all schemes were fair in love and war. The will was the important document, and that was in his own possession. Had it not been for the misconduct of his nephews he should never have committed such a folly. Well, the chief offender was gone, and Ernest might now be sorry for his obstinacy. He might be getting tired of his poetry and his scribbling, which brought but little grist to the mill, and be glad to live with him and be his foreman, or his bailiff, if he liked that name better."

Whilst contemplating such a possibility, Mr. Rivers knew very well that he could not in justice withdraw his nephew from a line of life which hitherto had furnished him with a livelihood without making some provision for him; and here he felt himself fettered. He had promised Deane Hollow and its appurtenances to Maggie and her daughter; the little word *all* before appurtenances he now mentally suppressed, though it stood in the will. Of funded property there was very little, Mr. Rivers having recently spent the greater portion of what he had in purchasing land contiguous to his own that had unexpectedly come into the market. Deane Hollow was in consequence more compact, but he was a poor man. If he renewed communication with his nephew he must of course provide for him at once; but how was that to be done? The outgoings in repairs and new buildings, especially on the recently acquired land, were so heavy that it was hard to say how little would remain. If he settled an annual sum upon Ernest, charging it upon the estate, the heir might at times be very much hampered. If only he could reverse the order of things, leaving the landed property to Ernest and a small income to Etta, there would be no further difficulty, for a woman did not, he considered, require much.

He had thought of giving his nephew £400 a year, if obliged to fix a certain amount for his services, but for Etta one-third of that would be sufficient, or he might perhaps make it £200 per annum. And this he tried to persuade himself was a generous allowance.

What was she to him? Nothing but a burden. Already he regretted that the time had come for her to leave school. He was sure she would be an increasing trouble and vexation to him. Why did she take upon herself to give orders in his house? Merry was to fetch her in a fly, forsooth!

She ought to have mentioned the hour of her intended arrival, and to have left him to make the arrangements. When he was well he would put Miss Etta into her proper place and let her see who was master.

In what way this mastery was to be exhibited he had not then time to determine, for Etta's light footstep was heard outside the door and her voice asking permission to enter. Had Mr. Rivers been otherwise engaged he might have growled out a refusal, but he was, as it were, caught in the act of wronging her. With her treasures spread out before him, and the consciousness that, if not actually committing he was meditating treachery against her, he felt unable to be as ungracious as usual. Giving himself time to drop his handkerchief over the letter and rest his elbow upon it, he bade her enter, and not unkindly. The pretty dainty damsel who now showed herself in the doorway was an object to attract rather than otherwise.

She had substituted a fresh delicate pink muslin for her travelling dress, her dark hair was undulated over her clear forehead in no unbecoming disorder, and a warm glow of pleasurable feeling was on her cheeks. She had been roving about the garden and premises, planning in her own mind several changes and improvements—all to be after the pattern of Woodbridge Hill—when the property became hers. The rebuff of the morning was forgotten in a happy sense of proprietorship, for her young heart was a stranger to rancour; on the contrary, at the present moment it was full of kindness, nay, gratitude, to Mr. Rivers for the great gifts she was to receive from him.

"Don't be angry with Merry," she began; "he told me not to come to you till I was sent for, but I thought you might want something, and I knew no one was with you. Besides, you can send me away, you know. You don't object just to look at me now and then, do you?"

To have done that Mr. Rivers must indeed have been in a savage mood as Etta stood in the centre of the room with a sweet caressing expression upon her face, and her eyes sparkling with that inner sense of enjoyment proceeding more frequently from natural high spirits and sound health than from any extraneous cause. After one glance at Etta Mr. Rivers's eye returned to the objects before him, and hers naturally followed.

"Oh, mine, mine dear mamma, they are all for me!" she exclaimed, without much attention to grammar, and approaching the table began to examine them.

"Yes, yes; they are all yours. You had better carry them away and take good care of them, for they are all you are likely to have."

Without noticing the latent harshness in these words, Etta gathered up her ornaments, looking lovingly upon them as she replaced them in the box, too slowly for Mr. Rivers, who, notwithstanding his impatience, said nothing until she was about to stoop for the paper that had wrapped up the box and was now lying on the floor.

"Never mind that, leave it where it is," said he, sharply, remembering that it was directed to her and bore the marks of having been sealed. "You

have got your jewels, now go and put them away."

"Thank you, thank you so much for taking care of them," said Etta, who thought she ought to say something agreeable.

"May I come by-and-by and make your tea and wait upon you?"

"Ay, ay, by-and-by," returned Mr. Rivers, anxious for her to go, and only consenting to her proposition because he was afraid that if he said "No" she would stay and argue the point.

Restored to favour, as she imagined, Etta went away cheerfully, mentally regretting that she had allowed herself to feel cross a short while ago, and carried her newly acquired possessions to her room. There each one was again carefully inspected, lovingly handled, and finally put away, her heart growing more and more heavy in spite of herself at the prospect of a home-life with only Mr. Rivers. Tears gathered in her eyes and rolled rapidly down her cheeks.

Three years had elapsed since her mother's death, and yet, except in the first days of her bereavement, she had never before so fully realised what it was to be without her. From prudential motives, as we have before said, Maggie, since her second marriage, had not kept her daughter much at home. She was always afraid of some serious collision between Mr. Rivers and her wayward child, so that Etta had not so many tender recollections to aggravate her loss as girls usually have with regard to their maternal parent. She loved her mother and mourned her, especially just now; but the most important part of her young life had been spent away from her. Nor had she naturally any of that sentimentality of character which leads to brooding over unrealised possibilities, but rather a sensible, practical disposition, inclining her to make the best of her surroundings. No great depth of feeling had as yet been awakened in her; perhaps she was as well without it, for where there is a great capacity for suffering, sorrow is sure to come.

After a short indulgence of her grief, Etta's natural elasticity of character prevailed; she dried her tears and then looked round her for something to do, and for want of anything better bethought herself of paying a visit to her mother's old friend, Mr. Reade.

She had formerly been no favourite at the vicarage. She was one of those troublesome children always touching and meddling with all that came within her reach, and consequently was certain to be a palpable disturbance in the house of a quiet bookish old bachelor like Mr. Reade. For her mother's sake he did more than tolerate her, he occasionally gave her good advice, which, impressed by the grave solemnity of his manner, she had had the grace to take in good part, though it cannot be said to have influenced her.

The vicarage being rather less than half a mile from the Hall, she had the prospect of an agreeable walk and a cordial reception at the end of it, for Mr. Reade was one of those favoured individuals whom no one could approach without being soothed or benefited. His was the calm sunset of a long and holy life, when the haze and glamour

cast over its pathway by youth, passion, or infirmity of purpose are passed away, and objects are seen in their true light and apprised at their real value.

The first person she saw was the housekeeper, who received her with the remark that she was not grown a bit.

"Yes, I have," replied Etta, demurely; "I have grown into a woman, and am come home to take my dear mother's place and help Mr. Rivers."

"Well, then, you are the smallest woman I ever saw, just an oddment of one, I should say; but come along, master will be pleased to see you. He was talking of you only the other day." So saying, she opened the study door with the announcement "Miss Etta," and closed it after her.

Though a book was in his hands, Mr. Reade was not reading. As was his habit, he was meditating with closed eyes over passages that had most deeply engaged his attention, but feeling that there had been some interruption he looked up and saw a trim little figure advancing towards him.

"Etta—Etta Lacy; why, it must be Etta," he said, holding out his hand.

"Yes, it is Etta. I am come home to stay. My school days are over; I have now to take care of Mr. Rivers and the house, and shall be able to help you, too, in the parish. I am not going to be an idle, thoughtless girl, but intend to do a great deal of good. I should not like to live at the Hall unless I had plenty to do."

Mr. Reade smiled kindly at the little creature upon whom the assumed womanly airs sat rather drolly, though somewhat amused at her offers of assistance to himself.

"Is Mr. Rivers any better?" he asked. "He was to let me know when he was well enough to receive me, but has not yet done so."

"I think he is more crazy than ill," said Etta, bluntly; "but mamma told me to be good to him, and I mean to be, though it will sometimes be difficult, he mocks at me so."

"Well, you know that you are in the position of a daughter to him, and that comprises a great deal, especially now that he is laid aside. He is unaccustomed to illness, and finds it hard to bear. Perhaps, Etta, he may never get well again, and he may be ill a long while. In that case the discipline and education of your young life begins very early."

"But my education is finished," replied Etta, looking as much surprised as she felt. "I am eighteen and a half, and might have left school a year ago or more had I chosen."

"My poor child!" said Mr. Reade, laying his hand tenderly on her shoulder. "All that is true; nevertheless, your real education is only now beginning. As yet it has been playtime to you."

"But Mr. Reade," exclaimed Etta, in a tone of remonstrance, her many hours of study and her juvenile trials recurring to memory, "I was at the head of my class before Ethel Dawson and some others that were older than myself."

"There is a great difference between learning lessons and education," said Mr. Reade, quietly.

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A CALL AT THE VICARAGE.

"The latter goes on as long as we live, though I referred to it just now in a more restricted sense, the forming of character, the gaining habits of self-control and self-knowledge, which implies also the knowledge of others, and a general practical usefulness that does not always come with years. The information you have been acquiring at school has not only to be digested but supplemented by lessons from common life, by observation, and in studying a little the experience of others, for your own can teach you nothing at present."

"Oh, yes, I shall do all that. Miss Owen has taken great pains to teach me my duties and responsibilities," said Etta, gravely, though her little head contained a very original jumble of the two, chiefly duties of her own desiring, such as making her home pretty, and playing the part of the Lady Bountiful in the parish by visiting and physicing the poor.

"But what do you understand by duties and responsibilities? for in that rests the question from beginning to end. To fulfil those is all that can be desired of any one."

"I have a great many plans which I shall carry out some day when I come into my fortune. I shall make a great many improvements in the Hall, and do as much good as I can in the parish besides."

"That is well, as far as it goes; but let me ask what place has God in your future plans? Has He the principal part—has He any part, or is He left out of the life He has given you—is it to be lived for yourself alone and for what pleases and interests you, or what pleases Him? All your happiness depends upon your decision."

"But one can't be always thinking of that sort of thing," answered Etta.

"Perhaps not always *thinking*, but always *living* it, if we would be happy," answered Mr. Reade; and, taking Etta's hand, he drew her close to his side, adding, "I shall not be here much longer; my work is nearly done, and my Master will soon call me home. I shall not live to see whether you are a happy woman or an unhappy one; that will depend upon you. You may choose for yourself. Pray to God to bless and guide you for His Son's sake, and then strive to do what is best and fittest, and not what you like most."

"Am I never to do what I like, then?" asked Etta, her heart quailing at a self-denial that had formed no portion of her life's dream.

"Suppose we put it another way. Are we not happy in doing what we most like to do? If our tastes are of the highest and noblest, and we follow them, shall we not be happy?"

"I really wish to make a good use of my property when I have it," replied Etta, fixing her clear honest eyes very earnestly upon him.

"Right, right, my dear; but first consecrate yourself to Him, and then make your plans."

If Etta's heart did not give a cordial assent to all Mr. Reade said, it seized upon the last recommendation so far that she repeated it to herself all the way home with comments to her own satisfaction. What was this consecration but the very rôle she intended to act. The schools, the village altogether, everything that came within her reach, was to be modernised and improved, and the Hall—ah, the Hall—no one would know it again!

Meanwhile Mr. Rivers, after congratulating himself that he had so easily disposed of Etta and her jewels, spent some time pondering over what he would do with the stolen letter. It was sealed, and with a peculiar seal which appeared to him

graven with hieroglyphics—"Some Indian jargon," he said, in a tone of contempt, such as anything foreign is apt to create in the minds of uncultured country squires. "What good will it do me to read it? It will most likely make me angry to see what a fool I have been." He glanced at the dying embers on the hearth, for, though summer, the air often felt chilly to him, confined as he was to the house. No, there was not flame enough to burn it, even supposing he could throw the packet into the grate; he must wait till Lizzie came to make up the fire, as she usually did in the afternoon.

But Etta must not have it, she of all persons must not possess this proof of his folly.

With difficulty he contrived to slip the letter into one of his capacious pockets, continuing to soliloquise in the same strain until he fell asleep.

CHAPTER IV.—CLOUDS IN THE DOMESTIC HORIZON.

AT the end of six weeks Etta had laid out her life as she thought it ought to be—a busy if not a happy one. It was one of her misfortunes to be of a restless disposition, always wanting to do something fresh or to change what already existed. This tendency led to constant collision with the powers that were—that is, with the cook and the housemaid, Lizzie. Mr. Rivers was wearied with complaints from his servants as well as with Etta's continual requests and propositions. She wanted a pony to ride; that was flatly refused. She also wanted the broken bread and meat that remained to give to some of her favourite poor, and this occasioned repeated quarrels with Mrs. Jukes, the cook and housekeeper. Another amusement was to plan the improvements to be made some future day in the house and grounds. Had she been satisfied with planning she would have done no harm to any one, and might have indulged her prospective alterations to her heart's content. In point of taste she was not likely to go far wrong, having Woodbridge Hill before her as a pattern, the pleasure-grounds of which had been laid out by a landscape gardener. But Deane Hollow, and the paternal acres of Mr. Rivers, unornamental as they were, had a value and dignity in his eyes which no modern residence could possess. It was therefore with as much consternation as anger that he heard her one day expatiate on the alterations she had devised. A piece of grass in front might be made into a ring, with a carriage-drive round it, and the rest enlarged by removing the fence farther off, so as to take in a grand old elm that was in an adjoining paddock. The garden could be improved also; a portion might be reserved for fruit and kitchen stuff, but the remainder could be turfed and converted into a lawn, dotted with flower-beds filled with choice plants of her own selection.

Aghast at such profanation, Mr. Rivers peremptorily bid her let it alone, calling her a mischievous elf; but mentally he resolved that, come what would, Deane Hollow should never pass into the hands of so foolish a child. He did not know

how often the same projects had been talked over with Merry, who, pitying Etta's loneliness, as well as admiring her ingenuity, would agree with her opinions, and promise to help her whenever he had time. "They would have a greenhouse," he said—"a conservatory, some day, leading out of the drawing-room, with cages full of birds hung round, where Miss Etta could sit among the flowers and sing."

This and similar suggestions he made, trying to cheer her as best he could, because well aware that neither his master nor any of the servants liked her. He often took her part against them. "What has she done that she has not a right to do?" he would say, as Lizzie complained of extra work. "She wants a sitting-room proper for a lady, and she sometimes requires you to dress her. Well, to my mind, she is wrong there, for what do you know about what is fit and becoming to a pretty lady like her? And even if you did know, your clumsy hands must do it badly."

"I don't want to wait upon her, and so I shall tell master. She is as full of fancies as an egg is full of meat."

"Quite right! With your rags and your tags, you had better keep to scrubbing floors."

The zeal of an injudicious friend often does more harm than good; and so it was with Merry. His persistent defence of Miss Lacy and reproofs of Lizzie's impertinent ways only helped to stimulate her dislike, and eventually turned her into an enemy.

Not long after this Etta unwittingly tried Lizzie's temper beyond what she was able to bear. Amongst the changes in her power was a contrivance to decorate the large entrance-hall, which hitherto had only been furnished with a heavy oaken table and two old carved chairs of the same material—if we except a stag's antlered head and a few horns suspended against the wall. At Woodbridge Hill there were flowers, ferns, and stained-glass windows, through which the sun's rays fell upon the green leaves, tinting them with brilliant colouring, and making the entrance particularly pretty and cheerful. Some humble imitation she was determined to carry out; that could make no difference to Mr. Rivers—even supposing he were to see it, which at present was not likely.

Looking about the garden, she found a few pots of geraniums likely to serve her purpose, and coaxed Merry's helper to dig up and put into pots some of the large common ferns that grew abundantly on a neighbouring common. Fertile in resources, she sought out the village carpenter and persuaded him to nail some boards together, so as to form a kind of stand; and over this Merry laid a coating of green paint. It was a poor concern after all, but the best she could make. One drawback she could not overcome: there being no coloured glass, and only two very small windows, the light was dull, and produced little effect in the dingy hall, although she collected the best flowering plants she could find. Some she purchased from the cottagers, and had them brought home by the village boys. One day, when, after a heavy fall of rain, the roads were particularly muddy, one of these luckless fellows, after leaving

his footprints very visibly about the hall and on the stone steps leading to it, managed to overthrow the stand, scattering the plants, mould, and potsherds over the floor, already wet and soiled. Lizzie was summoned to clear up, and Lizzie was characteristically cross and somewhat impertinent. Etta threatened to complain to Mr. Rivers.

"Complain! Yes, it is I that ought to do that, and here I go. We shall see who is right and who is wrong!" said the saucy girl, bouncing out of the room, her cheeks in a glow of resentful anger.

Presenting herself before Mr. Rivers just as he was waking from his after-dinner nap, she poured out her grievances with passionate volubility, and ended by bidding him get another servant, for she could not stand it any longer.

"Miss Etta has so many fancies and whims that the house is turned topsy-turvy," said Lizzie. "She wants now to make the hall into a 'servatory, and has the village boys to help her, and they comes with their nasty shoes and dirty feet, and breaks the things, and makes a lot of work that need not be done at all. I wish Miss Etta had staid at school, that I do."

Between sleeping and waking Mr. Rivers could not easily take in what Etta's offence was, but he understood that she was tiresome to his domestics, and consequently a troubler of his household. Not being pleased with her himself, he never supposed that Lizzie's complaints were unreasonable, or that she could be in the wrong, and therefore gave the maid the triumph of being charged to send Miss Etta to him, a message she would have given as offensively as her vulgar nature suggested had not Merry been present, and of him she stood a little in awe.

"What am I to do with this girl?" Mr. Rivers asked himself, in considerable vexation. "I can't

keep her here, interfering and upsetting everything and everybody." For a moment he thought of asking his sister to take her, but that notion was speedily given up. Matty was so queer; the mere fact of his wishing to get rid of the girl would bring upon him one of her lectures about his duty to his wife's child, and of all things he disliked Matty's sermons. But what was he to do with her? He could not tell, and was vainly racking his brains on the subject, when Etta lightly tripped into the room, and solicited his assistance in putting a stop to Lizzie's impertinence.

Less perhaps to her surprise than mortification she received an imperative command not to meddle with the servants.

"But they must obey," she replied, in astonishment. "Am I not their mistress?"

"Mistress!" repeated Mr. Rivers. "A pretty specimen of a mistress, truly. Why, you are not in the same mind for two days together, and the changes and choppings I hear you wish to make are enough to bewilder any reasonable person. Now listen to me, and mark well my words. Put all such nonsense out of your head. What was good enough for your mother must be good enough for you. I will have nothing altered; not a stone nor a stick changed or removed; and when you are tired of the Hall you can go to the Hill. Do you understand?"

Etta understood that she had offended, that her vivid descriptions of the beauty of Woodbridge Hill, and her zealous endeavours to inoculate her stepfather with her own ambition to render his house as pretty and picturesque as Nature permitted, had been misplaced. But she did not know that her juvenile peccadilloes made him seriously angry, or that she was almost daily increasing his bitterness and animosity against her. Nevertheless, she left his presence saddened



DOMESTIC DIFFICULTIES.

as well as sobered. Did he mean to forbid all innovations and improvements hereafter? Should she be condemned to live at the Hall just as it was, so dull and dreary that, but for the sense of future ownership, she would rather be at school? Her heart lightened a little at the recollection that there were some things he could not prevent. He could not entirely regulate the expenditure of her income nor her manner of life. She should have money and friends. If the old house must be gloomy outside she could make it so cheerful within that many would like to visit her. She would have garden parties, archery parties, picnics, and a variety of amusements. She would have a carriage,

a pony, and of course a groom to attend her. The prospect of these things had hitherto helped to make her very happy, why should they lose their charm now? They would be hers some day, her mother had told her so, and then she would do as she liked. The graver thoughts Mr. Reade had tried to create found no place in her calculations respecting the future, if we except kindness to her poor neighbours. It was one of her dreams to be beneficent, to act the Lady Bountiful of Deane Hollow; but deeper and further she did not go. There was no knowledge of the principles that teach a self-discipline, which is to the character as fire to the refining of silver.

A NEW YEAR'S WATCHWORD.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY HARRY JONES.

"He that endureth unto the end shall be saved."—*Matt. x. 22.*

THIS saying of our Lord's is always fresh, always wholesome, always worthy to be kept in mind by those who have made any effort to live the Christian life. It was, we know, spoken first as a warning to the disciples to hold on in faith during the troubles which were coming on Jerusalem. They had been brought into new and special contact with the Christ and the Spirit of the Christ. They were passing through a period of peculiar trial and excitement, and thus this sentence of Christ's is especially suited to such as are more than usually aroused.

But it is addressed, it speaks, to every one who is tempted to be overpleased with success, or to fall back from any good work, or anywise grow cold in the service of God.

Indeed it is so true, so universally applicable, that we are likely to forget how true it is, and how constantly it proves its truth to the faint-hearted and the brave, in business and in religion, in the world and in the church.

Think for a moment how true it is in respect to all worldly work. The French have a proverb, "It is the first step which costs." This, in native English dress is, "Well begun is half done." But it is the last half of the deed upon which its worth depends. How many people who have got beyond good intentions, who have got so far as to begin well, are shipwrecked because of their failure in the last half, or even the latter part of the last half, because, that is, they do not endure unto the end? If you want to sharpen a tool it will not cut sweet if you fail to put those last effective touches to its edge. It is the end which makes any toil or course successful. Unfinished work is mostly counted discreditable, however much labour may have been bestowed upon the early part of it. We may talk of failure, but failure demands some previous effort. A man cannot be said to have failed if he has done or attempted nothing. It is when he

begins and then leaves off, when he does not carry out his purpose, when he does not endure unto the end, that he fails in whatever the matter may be. What a waste of energy, what unprofitable expenditure of toil and pains and money we may occasionally see by reason of this final slackness, in this incomplete performance of all kinds of work in the world. They are just the last few turns of the screw which hold the work tight together, and prevent its getting loose and coming to pieces. They are the last few minutes in the use of the boring-machine, or the last few strokes of the pickaxe at the bottom of the shaft, which reach the ore or the coal and determine whether the mine shall be worthless or not. When every door has to be locked it is the careless or lazy omission to turn the last key which may let in the thief. The most elaborately prepared will or testament becomes invalid just because one little word or name at the end is omitted. All through common business life, in all phases of it, failure often comes for want of the last completing touch, for want of patience or attention to go on just a little longer, for need of that final direction the absence of which leaves everything in confusion, for lack of energy in those supreme moments, those crises of life, in which the knot is tied, the nail clenched. The toil of days or years may be thus wasted, all because the worker does not endure unto the end.

But it is not to worldly work or the prosecution of any worldly business enterprise or calling that I would now apply our text. It has its gravest fulfilment in relation to the Christian course, in relation to the spiritual service of God and the religious self-sacrificing conduct of life.

It is in that that we are most heavily tempted to relax, grow faint-hearted, and perhaps finally give up. It is Christ Himself, with an eye to our spiritual course, who says, "He that endureth unto the end shall be saved." Indeed, this law,

which applies to common life, applies with infinitely most disastrous or grateful effect to the spiritual state of man.

There are, with many, periods of life in which fresh religious impressions and resolutions are made. It may be very early. There may be narrowness, but there may be great sincerity for the time in the apparent piety of a child, which we are apt to make small account of as precocious. There have been notable instances in which these early spiritual tastes and tendencies have ripened without break into the soundest godliness; instances in which the bud—the feeblest, almost infant bud—has grown into excellent final fruit, and thus from the very first has endured unto the end.

Or may be the impression for good has been received somewhat later on. Some, thank God have taken a right turn in early youth, and chosen the true course then, and kept to it. Others also, called at later hours of the day of life, have not swerved from the path to which they have then betaken themselves, but endured unto the end.

On the other hand, in many the light has grown dim, the effort died down, the righteous resolution which once filled the soul become feeble, and then been dissolved. The bottom of the sea of life is strewn with spiritual wrecks. The track of the narrow path is whitened with the bones of those who have stopped and died by the way. Their love has waxed cold, their good habits have been dropped off, their unselfishness has become polluted, their patience worn out. They have not endured unto the end, and so in the deepest sense of the word they have not been saved.

I do not mean by this that they have been finally cut off from God. We cannot sit thus in judgment on any, nor dare to put a limit to His love. But the fruit which they were intended to bear has not been borne. The work which they were called to do has not been done. They have failed, as far as we can see, and failed in that which they were set to do. They fall short in God's purpose and course. They pass, it is true, into His unseen hands, but still they have not become what they might have been, what they promised to be, and what God would have enabled them to become if they had rightly used His help. There is no denying this. It is too true. The waves of the world are troublesome. The air of the narrow path is keen, and the slope sometimes very steep. No wonder there is spiritual wreck and dissolution. The church has its failures as well as the world. It is only he who endureth unto the end that is really saved in the fullest sense of this significant word.

As might be supposed, there is much in Scripture to support this truth. There are many other warnings to the same purport. "Let him," says St. Paul, "who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." There are divers kinds of falls. There are Christian soldiers who have fallen with their harness on the back and the face to the foe. Such as these are conquerors; they have endured. But the falling St. Paul speaks of is falling away; failure in endurance unto the end; like that of Demas, who forsook the faith, loving this present

world. It is not for us to judge these; unto their own Master they stand or fall. But it is for us so to use and support our faith, so to pray to God for His continual grace and strength, as to go on with what He has called us to do or to bear, and be carried over the temptations to lose heart. There is the trial. These temptations are sure to come. Most of us can work while the work seems to succeed, or while we are plainly making some way. We can all sail with the wind and float down the tide. But the wind changes, the tide turns. At some time or another we are certain to find a religious life, a righteous life, unattractive and toilsome. The cross is no luxury, and we may be called to look upon it very closely and to find it very heavy. It is well to take this truth in during the periods when all seems bright, peaceful, and prosperous around us. If we can then face the fact that duty and right-dealing often call for painful exertion and tiring toil, I will not say that thereby the work is half done, but at any rate we shall not be caught unprepared for the strain when it comes. We shall then not be so likely to be disappointed. I would say to you, therefore, Expect the cross. Expect to be misunderstood, expect opposition. Be prepared for disappointment, even where you are justified in expecting success. Nay, worse than this, worse than external hindrance; expect to enter seasons of depression when the heart grows flat and cold-hearted towards God Himself. Expect to feel the question steal into the soul, "What is the good of all these efforts, this desire to live righteously before Him?" First one doubt and then another presents itself, seeking to disintegrate our faith, to wear away the strength of our hope, to confuse our prospects, to turn aside our aim. This is worse than outward opposition. Surely we have all felt this. And we shall feel it again; we shall hear the evil spirit of indolence whispering in our souls and trying to lead us down to a lower level than we had intended to take, pulling us back from the higher flight with which we had honestly begun. Then let us remember how the soul of Jesus was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. Let us remember how even He prayed, "If it be possible, take this cup from Me." And let His words feed our sinking resolution like wine from the presses of on high. "He that endureth unto the end the same shall be saved."

The end is not come, but He is with us. His sustaining Spirit is near, though the end is not yet. Not yet; we are merely passing by. We are still on the march. Whether we be saddened or exultant, whether our enjoyment of life be keen or strong, whether we are looking forward right-fully to more happiness, or whether we feel faint by the way, the end is not yet—is not here. We can never stop and say, "That will do." Never contemplate the prospect of reaching such a stop. Never expect to reach that place in our course in which the road is sure to be quite level thenceforth. Let us never expect to be quite satisfied with ourselves and our life.

Some may reply, "If this be so, I will simply stay where I am." Well, there is almost an air of honesty about such a determination. You do

not want to take high ground in your work, whatever it may be. You do not, indeed, admit or profess that you wish to be idle or dishonest, but you are content with rendering creditable satisfaction to your society, to your employer, to the public.

Be it so. Only know that this is a lower life than the Christian life. The bright hopes and burning possibilities of heaven, the joys of the salvation we are intended for, are shut to us as we are content with only this. We step down from Christ into mere respectability, and the words of Christ, "He that endureth unto the end shall be saved," lose their sense and application to us. Enduring unto the end in the mouth of Christ meant union with Him through all, unceasing progress in Christ's work, growth, warfare, a high aim, and high purpose.

Give up these, and give up that communion with Christ which He asks and gives—this is to let His guiding Spirit pass on into the distance while we sit down by the way or join the loiterers on the road.

No doubt, if we descend to the level on which we are content merely to give satisfaction to our fellows, and study only what they would have us do, we get something. We get wages; we receive a certain amount of civility. We make many things pleasant, though we fall short in the following of our Master's call; and the enduring unto the end loses its strong significance, since then we can hardly be said to set any end before us at all.

But as long as we cherish in our hearts, though it be with intermittent power, the thought of fellowship with the Christ, desiring to feel with His heart and work with His aim, then we keep before us the mystery of eternal life, and remain in what may be truly called the state of salvation. We cannot yet tell, God alone knows, the full richness and magnificence of this word "saved." Saved from our sins, saved from ourselves, saved from the devil spirit which goes about among Christians, now flattering and deceiving, poisoning the godliness of the religious, puffing up the conceit of the clever, brutalising the heart of the intemperate. He who endureth unto the end, he who dares to plod on while others stop, who dares to be right with one or two, or even alone, shall be saved, for God is with him. He is not alone.

Here, indeed, is the resolution which we may best take as we reach the beginning of another year. The years come so fast, and last such a very little while, that some of us—those who look most seriously at life, and try most to live aright by union with God—may be inclined to question the conventional custom of making fresh resolutions as time turns his yearly glass for the sands of another twelve months to trickle down.

I fancy that some—those in middle life, at least—may begin to grow tired of new good resolutions and intentions. And, indeed, there is

something about them which experience shows to be deceptive. A string of good resolutions are apt to please us so much as to make us content with their goodness. It is, moreover, so easy to confound wishes with intentions that we are tempted even to satisfy ourselves with good wishes which have not grown even into determinations.

I need hardly say that we should ever live in a spirit of sincere intention, that we should keep a sense of progress before us something after the way of St. Paul, who ever forgot the things which were behind and reached forward unto those that were before.

Occasionally, indeed, circumstances will arise which arrest and affect us deeply. Some trouble, sorrow, or loss comes which touches us to the quick, and sets us thinking, sets us to realise how we have spent our past lives, and how we propose to spend them in the future. But it is difficult to create these occasions. Even the beginning of a year is too general. It concerns all equally. It has no particular message to self; and though we may fall into a short mood of passing reflection as we find ourselves writing a new date, we find it more or less an effort to moralise on such a universally expected and inevitable occurrence. The change from one year to another is an artificial one. It may really involve no change except that of the almanack on our desk. Every day is the beginning of a new year. Our "new year" has not even the marked accompaniment of the change from winter to summer. It is not even distinguished among us as a conspicuous national holiday. We shift the date at the head of our letters and books, and the work goes on without a break. Thus we pause only for a moment to observe that the arrival of a new year does not necessarily compel any very deep perception of the passage of time. Personal events are more likely to compel that. A year is artificial. And I would say to any one, "Do not try to mark it by any great number of fresh resolutions." Cut these down to as few as possible, and let them be general rather than special. But lay and keep hold of one great thought, ever true, and needing to be ever freshly held in our hearts. And that is, "He that endureth unto the end shall be saved." Let us remember it in regard to our work among men. Apply it to anything which you begin. Apply it to life; above all, apply it to our Christian course. We are pilgrims here, and we know not what a day may bring forth. There will, however, be surely trials and blessings, failures as well as successes, joy as well as disappointment. But all along remember that it is not so much one particular thing to be done, or one particular work to be carried out, but one spirit to be applied to all work, all life. And that is the Christian spirit. Devotion to the will of God. Devotion, that is, to truth, righteousness, and kindliness. As we hold to this we endure whatever the end may be, whenever it may reveal itself.

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SKETCHES IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LADY'S RIDE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS," "UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Singapore, January, 1879.

IT is hot—so hot!—but not stifling, and all the rich-flavoured, coloured fruits of the tropics are here—fruits whose generous juices are drawn from the moist and heated earth, and whose flavours are the imprisoned rays of the fierce sun of the tropics. Such cartloads and piles of bananas and pineapples, such heaps of custard-apples and "bullocks' hearts," such a wealth of gold and green giving off fragrance! Here, too, are treasures of the heated, crystal seas—things that one has dreamed of after reading Jules Verne's romances. Big canoes, manned by dark-skinned men in white turbans and loin-cloths, floated round our ship, or rather lay poised on clear depths of aquamarine water, with fairy freights—forests of coral white as snow, or red, pink, violet, in massive branches or fern-like sprays, fresh from their warm homes beneath the clear warm waves, where fish as bright-tinted as themselves flash through them like "living light." There were displays of wonderful shells, too, of pale rose-pink, and others with rainbow tints which, like rainbows, came and went—nothing scanty, feeble, or pale!

It is a drive of two miles from the pier to Singapore, and to eyes which have only seen the yellow skins and non-vividness of the Far East, a world of wonders opens at every step. Singapore is really the Charing Cross or Oban of the East. From it steamers start for Australia, China, Japan, England, France, Italy, Ceylon, India, Burmah, Sumatra, Malacca, and any number of small ports. Yet the only people who look thoroughly awake are the Chinese, who number 86,000 out of a population of 130,000.† They monopolise many streets altogether, erect temples, club-houses, opium dens, and gaming-houses, are utterly unquelled by the heat, and are said to be gradually supplanting the smaller European merchants. They bring their clan feuds with them, and by means of their secret societies and an unlimited amount of false swearing, defy British justice, and constitute an element of danger as well as of prosperity. Their merchants, some of whom are very rich, sell everything, and as they are always able to undersell Europeans, their

customers are of all races and classes. They are in such an enormous majority that one would suppose Singapore to be a Chinese town.

The city is all ablaze with colour. I can hardly recall the pallid race which lives in our dim, pale islands, and is costumed in our hideous clothes. Every costume, from Arabia to China, floats through the streets; robes of silk, satin, brocade, and muslin; and Parsees in spotless white, Jews and Arabs in dark rich colours, Klings (natives of Southern India) in crimson and white, Bombay merchants in turbans of large size and crimson cummerbunds, Malays in red *sarongs*, Sikhs in pure white, their great height rendered almost colossal by the classic arrangement of their draperies, and Chinamen, from the coolie, in his blue or brown cotton, to the wealthy merchant in his frothy silk *crêpe* and rich brocaded silk, make up a medley irresistibly fascinating to the stranger. Among these mingled foreign nationalities; the Klings, next to the Chinese, are the most numerous, and as there is no check on the immigration of their women, one sees the unveiled Kling beauties in great numbers. The Klings and Bengalees seem to do whatever the Chinese leave undone. In one place one sees hundreds of them round a piece of water not pre-eminently clean, unmercifully beating the delicate laces, gauzy silks, and elaborate flouncings of the European ladies on great stones, for they are the laundrymen of Singapore. Then they row boats, drive gharries, run as syces, lend small sums for large interest, sell fruit, keep small shops, carry "chit books," and make themselves as useful as their mediocre abilities will allow, but never amass fortunes as the Chinese do. They are said to be harmless to their neighbours. The men are very fine-looking, lithe and active, and, as they clothe but little, their forms are seen to great advantage.

The Kling women are, I think, beautiful—not so much in face as in form and carriage. I am never weary of watching and admiring their inimitable grace of movement. Their faces are oval, their foreheads low, their eyes dark and liquid, their noses shapely, but disfigured by the universal adoption of jewelled nose-rings; their lips full, but not thick or coarse; their heads small and exquisitely set on long, slender throats; their ears small, but much dragged out of shape by the wearing of two or three hoop-earrings in each; and their glossy, wavy, black hair, which grows classically low on the forehead, is gathered into a Grecian knot at the back. Their clothing—or rather drapery—is a mystery, for it covers and drapes perfectly, yet has no "make," far less "fit," and leaves every graceful movement unimpeded. It seems to consist of ten wide yards of soft white muslin or soft red material, so ingeniously disposed when the wearer puts it on as to drape the bust and lower

* The readers of the "Leisure Hour" will gladly welcome a new record of travel from the pen of "Isabella Bird," whose ride in the Rocky Mountains, and other adventurous journeys, have been so attractive in former years. Mrs. Bishop says:—

"These chapters consist of extracts from my letters, and in part of these extracts condensed. The native States of the Malay Peninsula have made some progress both in population and importance since they were written, and a few things which were true two years ago may be so no longer. I leave the letters as they were, however, as a record of impressions and experiences while both were fresh."

L. L. B.

† The population of Singapore, by the census of 1881, consisted of 2,796 Europeans, 22,664 Malays, 86,266 Chinamen, and 12,104 natives of India.

limbs, and form a girdle at the same time. One shoulder and arm are usually left bare. The part which may be called a petticoat—though the word is a slur upon the graceful drapery—is short, and shows the finely-turned ankles, high insteps, and small feet. These women are tall, and straight as arrows; their limbs are long and rounded; their appearance is timid—one might almost say modest



A KLING.

—and their walk is the poetry of movement. A tall, graceful Kling woman, draped as I have described, gliding along the pavement, her statuesque figure the perfection of graceful ease, a dark pitcher on her head, just touched by the beautiful hand, showing the finely-moulded arm, is a beautiful object, classical in form, exquisite in movement, and artistic in colouring, a child of the tropic sun. What thinks she, I wonder—if she thinks at all—of the pale European, paler for want of exercise and engrossing occupation, who steps out of her carriage in front of her, an ungraceful heap of *poufs* and frills, tottering painfully on high heels, in tight boots, her figure distorted into the shape of a Japanese saké bottle, every movement a struggle or a jerk, the clothing utterly unsuited to this climate, or any climate, impeding motion, and affecting health, comfort, and beauty alike?

What may be called the native streets are crowded. The bazaars, which contain a medley of fruits, roots, Chinese edibles, old and new clothing of all nations, ironmongery from England and America, pottery from China and Staffordshire, native mats, and Eastern and Western stuffs of all colours and prices, create a perpetual twilight by hanging "tatties" or other screens between themselves and the street, forming long

dark alleys, in which buyers and sellers chaffer over the goods. The bustle and noise of this quarter are considerable, and the vociferation mingles with the ringing of bells and the beating of gongs and tomtoms—an intensely heathenish sound. And heathenish this great city is. Joss-houses, Hindoo temples, and mosques almost jostle each other, and the indescribable clamour of the temples and the din of the joss-houses are only faintly pierced by the shrill cry from the minarets calling the faithful to prayer, and proclaiming the Divine unity and the mission of Mohammed in one breath. This huge, mingled, coloured, busy, Oriental population bulks more largely in my eyes than the ruling race. The foreign merchants, hidden away behind jalousies in their offices, or dashing down the streets in buggies, make but a small show, and their houses are mostly roomy, detached bungalows, hidden by the bountiful vegetation of the climate, in which their wives lead half-expiring lives in deep twilight, kept alive by the efforts of the good-natured punkah-wallah. There is an hour at which they emerge and drive in given directions, and divert themselves with kettledrums, dances, and other devices for killing time, with the mercury at 80 degrees! Just now the Maharajah of Johore, sovereign of a small State on the nearest part of the mainland, and much favoured and decorated by the British Government for unswerving fidelity to British interests, has a house here, and his receptions and other parties break the monotony.

Singapore, as the capital of the Straits Settlements and the residence of the Governor, has a garrison, defensive works, ships of war hanging about, and a great deal of military as well as commercial importance, and "the roll of the British drum" is a reassuring sound in the midst of the unquiet Chinese population. The Governor is assisted by a Lieutenant-Governor at Penang and a Resident Councillor at Malacca, and his actual rule extends to the three nominally "protected" States of the Malay Peninsula—Sungei-Ujong, Salangor, and Perak—the affairs of which are administered by British Residents, who are more or less responsible to him. Singapore is really an island of no great size, separated from the mainland State of Johore by a strait so narrow that it is said that tigers swim across it, and is covered with a rich tropical jungle shading a rich red soil. It is only about eighty miles from the equator, and as there are showers at conveniently regular hours nearly every day of the year, drowning dews, and the temperature, though rarely rising above 85° in the shade in the daytime, seldom falls below 80° at night, the richness of vegetation produced by the steady heat and moisture is wonderful. It will be impossible to forget either the heat or the mosquitos, though I must admit that the former is far more bearable here than in many other places, and the climate is remarkably healthy. It is intensely tropical; there are mangrove swamps, and fringes of cocoa-palms, and banana-groves, date, sago, and travellers' palms, tree-ferns, indiarubber, mango, custard-apple, jak-fruit, durian, lime, pomegranate, pineapples, and orchids, and all kinds of strangling and parrot-blossomed trailers.

Vegetation, rich, profuse, riotous, rapid, smothering, in all shades of vivid green, from the pea-green of early spring to the dark velvety green of the magnolia and the yellow plumage of the palm, riots in a heavy shower every night, and the heat of a perennial sunblaze every day, while monkeys of various kinds and bright-winged birds skip and flit through the jungle shades. On this beautiful island there is a perpetual battle between man and the jungle, and the latter in fact is only brought to bay within a short distance of Singapore.

But Singapore, to me, is a mere halting-place *en route* to the mainland, a kindly and hospitable one, for I had scarcely arrived at the hotel before a resident, to whom I had not even a letter of introduction, called and took me to his house. All the European houses appear to have very deep verandahs, large lofty rooms, punkahs everywhere, windows without glass, brick floors, and jalousies and "tatties" (blinds made of fine grass) to keep out the light and the flies.

Malacca, Jan. 21-23.

In the absence of the Governor, Mr. Cecil Smith, the Colonial Secretary, kindly gave me introductions at Malacca and other points in the Malay Peninsula, and the difficulty about getting thither was solved by a small Chinese steamer called the *Rainbow*, once the property of the Rajah of Sarawak. She is a very small vessel, her captain half Portuguese and half Malay, her crew Chinese, and her cabin passengers were all Chinese merchants. Her engineer is a Welshman, a kindly soul, who assured Mr. —, when he commended me to his care, that "he was a family man, and that nothing gave him greater pleasure than seeing that ladies were comfortable;" and I owed to his good offices the very small modicum of comfort that I had. Waiting on the little bridge was far from being wearisome, there was such a fascination in watching the costumed and manifold life of the harbour, the black-hulled, sullen-looking steamers from Europe discharging cargo into lighters, Malay prahus of all sizes but one form, sharp at both ends, and with eyes on their bows like the Cantonese and Cochin China boats, reeling as though they would upset under large mat sails, and rowing-boats rowed by handsome, statuesque Klings. A steamer was discharging 600 pilgrims from Mecca in most picturesque costumes, and there were boats with men in crimson turbans and graceful robes of pure white muslin, and others a mass of blue umbrellas, while some contained Brahmins with the mark of caste set conspicuously on their foreheads, all moving in a veil of gold in the setting of a heavy fringe of coco-palms.

We sailed at four, with a strong, favourable breeze, and the sea was really delightful as we passed among green islets clothed with dense tropical vegetation down to the water's edge, right out into the open water of the Straits of Malacca, a burning, waveless sea, into which the sun was descending in mingled flame and blood. Then, dinner for three, consisting of an excellent curry, was spread on the top of the cabin, and eaten by the captain, engineer, and myself; after which the

engineer took me below to arrange for my comfort, and as it was obviously impossible for me to sleep in a very dirty and very small hole, tenanted by cockroaches disproportionately large, and with a temperature of eighty-eight degrees, he took a mattress and pillows upon the bridge, told me his history and that of his coloured wife and sixteen children under seventeen, of his pay of £35 a month, lent me a box of matches, and vanished into the lower regions with the consoling words, "If you want anything in the night, just call 'Engineer' down the engine skylight." It does one's heart good to meet with such a countryman. The *Rainbow* is one of the many tokens of preponderating Chinese influence in the Straits of Malacca. The tickets are Chinese as well as the ownership and crew. The supercargo who took my ticket was a sleek young Chinaman in a pigtail, girdle, and white cotton trousers. The cabin passengers were all Chinamen. The deck was packed with Chinese coolies on their way to seek wealth in the diggings of Perak. They were lean, yellow, and ugly, smoked a pipe of opium each at sundown, wore loose blue cotton trousers, and their pigtails coiled round their heads. We had slipped our cable at Singapore because these coolies were clambering up over every part of the vessel, and defying all attempts to keep them out, so that "to cut and run" was our only chance. The owners do not allow any intoxicant to be brought on board, lest it should be given to the captain and crew, and they should take too much and lose the vessel. I was the only European and the only woman on board. I had a very comfortable night lying on deck in the brisk breeze on the waveless sea, and though I watched the stars, hoping to see the Southern Cross set, I fell



A CHINESE COOLIE.

asleep, till I was awake at the very earliest dawn by a most formidable Oriental shouting to me

very fiercely I thought, with a fierce face; but it occurred to me that he was trying to make me understand that they wanted to wash decks, so I lifted my mattress on a bench and fell asleep again, waking to find the anchor being let go in the Malacca roads six hours before we should have arrived.

I was greatly interested with the first view of Malacca, one of the oldest European towns in the East, originally Portuguese, then Dutch, and now, though under English rule, mainly Chinese. There is a long bay with dense forests of coco-palms, backed by forests of I know not what, then rolling hills, and to the right beyond these a mountain which I have since learned is Mount Ophir, rich in gold. Is this possibly, as many think, the Ophir of the Bible, and this land of gems and gold truly the "Golden Khersonese"? There were islets as green as green could be, lying to the south, and nearest to us a town of antiquated appearance, low houses, much coloured, with flattish, red-tiled roofs, many of them built on piles, straggling for a long distance, and fringed by massive-looking bungalows, half buried in trees—a hill rising near the middle, crowned by a ruined cathedral, probably the oldest Christian church in the Far East, with slopes of bright green grass below, timbered near their base with palms and trees of a nearly lemon-coloured vividness of spring green, and glimpses of low, red roofs behind the hill. On either side of the old-world-looking town and its fringe of bungalows there were glimpses of steep reed roofs among the coco-palms. A long, deserted-looking jetty runs far out into the shallow sea, a few Chinese junks lay at anchor, in the distance a few Malay fishermen were watching their nets, but not a breath stirred, the sea was without a ripple, the grey clouds moved not, the yellow plumes of the palms were still, the sea, the sky, the town looked all alike asleep in a still, moist, balmy heat.

Presently we were surrounded by a crowd of Malay boats with rude sails made of reeds, but their crews might have been phantoms for any noise they made. By one of these I sent my card and note of introduction to the Lieutenant-Governor. An hour afterwards the captain told me that the Governor usually went into the country early on Monday morning for two days, which seemed unfortunate. Soon after the captain and engineer went ashore, and I was left among a crowd of Chinamen and Malays, without any possibility of being understood by any of them, to endure stifling heat and provoking uncertainty, much aggravated by the want of food, for another three hours. At last, when very nearly famished, and when my doubts as to the wisdom of this novel and impromptu expedition had become very serious indeed, a European boat appeared, moving with the long steady stroke of a man-of-war's boat, rowed by six native policemen, with a frank-looking bearded countryman steering, and two peons in white, with scarlet-and-gold hats and sashes, in the bow; and as it swept up to the Rainbow's side the man in white stepped on board, and introduced himself to me as Mr. Biggs,

the colonial chaplain, deputed to receive me on behalf of the Governor, who was just leaving when my card arrived. He relieved all anxiety as to my destination by saying that quarters were ready for me in the Stadt-haus.

We were soon on a lovely shore under the cathedral-crowned hill, where the velvety turf slopes down to the sea under palms and trees whose trunks are one mass of ferns, brightened by that wonderful flowering tree variously known as the "flamboyant" and "the flame of the forest" (*Ponciana Regia*). Very still, hot, tropical, sleepy, and dreamy, Malacca looks, a town "out of the running," utterly antiquated, mainly un-English, a veritable Sleepy Hollow.

CHAPTER II.

THE reader, even if not already weary of these extracts from my letters, will doubtless be glad to escape a multiplicity of details, therefore I proceed by giving the features of Malacca mainly in outline. Having written this sentence, I am compelled to say that the feature of Malacca is that it is featureless! It is a land where it is "always afternoon"—hot, still, dreamy. Existence stagnates. Trade pursues its operations invisibly. Commerce hovers far off on the shallow sea. The British and French mail steamers give the port a wide offing. It has no politics, little crime, rarely gets even two lines in an English newspaper, and does nothing towards making contemporary history. The Lieutenant-Governor, Captain Shaw, has occupied the same post for eleven years. A company of soldiers vegetates in quarters in a yet sleepier region than the town itself. Two Chinese steamers make it a port of call, but, except that they bring mails, their comings and goings are of no interest to the very small English part of the population. Lying basking in the sun, or crawling at the heads of crawling oxen—very like hairless buffalo—or leaning over the bridge looking at nothing, the Malays spend their time when they come into the town, their very movements making the lack of movement more perceptible.

The descendants of the Portuguese, who kept up a splendid pomp of rule in the days of Francis Xavier, seem to take an endless siesta behind their closely-covered windows. I have never seen an Englishman out of doors except Mr. Hayward, the active superintendent of military police, or Mr. Biggs, who preserves his health and energies by systematic constitutionals. Portuguese and Dutch rule have passed away, leaving; as their chief monuments—the first, a ruined cathedral, and a race of half-breeds; and the last, the Stadt-haus and a flat-faced meeting-house. A heavy shower, like a "thunder-plump," takes up a part of the afternoon, after which the Governor's carriage, with servants in scarlet liveries, rolls slowly out of Malacca, and through the sago-palms and back again. If aught else which is European breaks the monotony of the day, I am not aware of it. The streets have no particular features, though one cannot but be aware that a narrow stream full of boats, and spanned by a handsome

bridge, divides the town into two portions, and that a handsome clock-tower (both tower and bridge erected by some wealthy Chinese merchants) is a salient object below the Stadt-haus. Trees, trailers, fruits, smother the houses, and blossom and fruit all the year round; old leaves, young leaves, buds, blossom and fruit, all appearing at once. The mercury rarely falls below 79° or rises above 84°. The softest and least perceptible of land and sea breezes blow alternately at stated hours. The nights are very still. The



A MALAY BOY.

days are a tepid dream. Since I arrived not a leaf has stirred, not a bird has sung, the tides ebb and flow in listless and soundless ripples. Far off, on the shallow sea, phantom ships hover and are gone, and on an indefinite horizon a blurred ocean blends with a blurred sky. On Mount Ophir heavy cloud-masses lie always motionless. The still, heavy, fragrant nights pass with no other sounds than the aggressive hum of mosquitos and the challenge of the sentry. But through the stormy days and the heavy nights Nature is always busy in producing a rapidity and profusion of growth which would turn Malacca into a jungle were it not for axe and billhook, but her work does not jar upon the general silence. Yet with all this indefiniteness, dreaminess, featurelessness, indolence, and silence, of which I have attempted to convey an idea, Malacca is very fascinating, and no city in the world, except Canton, will leave so vivid an impression upon me, though it may be but of a fragrant tropic dream and nothing more.

The Government bungalow being scarcely large enough for the Governor's family, I am lodged in the old Dutch Stadt-haus, formerly the residence of the Dutch governor, and which has enough of solitude and faded stateliness to be fearsome, or at the least eerie, to a solitary guest like myself, to whose imagination in the long, dark nights creeping Malays or pilfering Chinamen are far more likely to present themselves than the stiff

beauties and formal splendours of the heyday of Dutch ascendancy. This Stadt-haus, which stands on the slope of the hill, and is the most prominent building in Malacca, is now used as the treasury, post-office, and Government offices generally. There are large state reception-rooms, including a ball-room, and suites of apartments for the use of the Governor of the Straits Settlements, the Chief Justice, and other high officials, on their visits to Malacca. The Stadt-haus, at its upper end on the hill, is only one storey high, but where it abuts on the town it is three and even four. The upper part is built round three sides of a Dutch garden, and a gallery under the tiled verandah runs all round. A set of handsome staircases on the sea side leads to the lawn-like hill with the old cathedral, and the bungalows of the Governor and colonial chaplain. Stephanotis, passiflora, tuberose, alomanda, Bougainvillea, and other trailers of gorgeous colours, climb over everything, and make the night heavy with their odours. There must be more than forty rooms in this old place, besides great arched corridors and all manner of queer staircases and corners. Dutch tiling and Dutch angularities and conceits of all kinds abound.

My room opens on one side upon a handsome set of staircases under the verandah, and on the others upon a passage and staircase with several rooms with doors of communication, and has various windows opening on the external galleries. Like most European houses in the Peninsula, it has a staircase which leads from the bedroom to a somewhat grim, brick-floored room below, containing a large, high tub, or bath, of Shanghai pottery, in which you must by no means bathe, as it is found by experience that to take the capacious dipper and pour water upon yourself from a height, gives a far more refreshing shock than immersion when the water is at eighty degrees and the air at eighty-three degrees.

The worst of my stately habitation is, that after four in the afternoon there is no one in it but myself, unless a Chinese coolie, who appears in my room at all sorts of unusual hours, after I think I have bolted and barred every means of ingress, has a lair somewhere. However, two Malay military policemen patrol the verandahs outside at intervals all night, and I have the comfort of imagining that I hear, far below, the clank of the British sentries who guard the Treasury. In the early morning my eyes always open on the Governor's handsome Mohammedan servant in spotless white muslin and red headdress and girdle, bringing a tray with tea and bananas. The Chinese coolie who appears mysteriously attends on me, and acts as housemaid, our communications being entirely by signs. The mosquitos are awful. The view of the green lawns, the sleeping sea, the motionless forest of coco-palms along the shore, the narrow stream and bridge, and the quaint red-tiled roofs of the town, is very charming and harmonious, yet I often think, if these dreamy days went on into months, that I should welcome an earthquake shock, or tornado, or jarring discord of some rousing kind, to break the dream produced by the

heated, steamy, fragrant air, and the monotonous silence.

The Government bungalow, in which I spend most of my time, is a comfortable little cottage, with verandahs larger than itself. Captain Shaw, the Lieutenant-Governor for eleven years, is a frank, cheery, gentle, brave, cultured naval officer. He can be firm and prompt when occasion requires firmness, but his ordinary rule is of the gentlest and most paternal description, so that from the Chinese he has won the name of "Father," and among the Malays, the native population, English rule, as administered by him, has come to be known as "the rule of the just." The family, consisting of the Governor, his wife, and two daughters just grown up, is a very charming one, and their quiet, peaceful life gives me the opportunity which so rarely falls to the lot of a traveller of becoming really intimate with them. In the deep verandah, festooned with trailers and orchids, two Malay military policemen are always on guard, and two scornful-looking Bengalees in white trousers, white short robes, with sashes of crimson silk striped with gold, and crimson-and-gold flat hats above their handsome but repellent faces, make up the visible part of the establishment. One of these Bengalees has been twice to Mecca, at an expense of £40 on each visit, and on Fridays appears in a rich Hadji suit, in which he goes through the town, and those Mussulmen who are not Hadji bow down to him. I saw from the very first that my project of visiting the native States was not smiled upon at Government House.

Mrs. Biggs took me my first drive through the town and three miles of its environs, which added to the fascination which Malacca had for me from the hour of my landing. The road crosses the bridge over the narrow stream, which is, in fact, the roadway of a coloured and highly picturesque street, and at once enters the main street of Malacca, which is parallel to the sea. On the sea side each house consists of three or four divisions, one behind the other, each roof being covered with red tiles. The rearmost division is usually built over the sea, on piles. In the middle of each of the tiers or three front divisions there is a courtyard. The room through which you enter from the street always has an open door, through which you see houses showing a high degree of material civilisation, lofty rooms, handsome altars opposite the doors, massive carved ebony tables, and carved ebony chairs with marble seats and backs standing against the walls, hanging pictures of the kind called in Japan *kakemono*, and rich bronzes and fine pieces of porcelain on ebony brackets. At night, when these rooms are lighted up with eight or ten massive lamps, the appearance is splendid. These are the houses of Chinese merchants of the middle class.

And now I must divulge the singular fact that Malacca is to most intents and purposes a Chinese city. The Dutch as I wrote have scarcely left a trace. The Portuguese, indolent, for the most part poor, and lowered by native marriages, are without influence, a most truly stagnant population, hardly to be taken into account. Their poor-

looking houses resemble those of Lisbon. The English, except in so far as relates to the administration of government, are nowhere, though it is under our equitable rule that the queerly mixed population of Chinese, Portuguese, half-breeds, Malays, Confucianists, Buddhists, Taoists, Romanists, and Mohammedans, "enjoy great quietness." Of the population of Malacca over a half may be Chinese, and still their crowded junks are rolling down on the north-east monsoon. As I remarked before, the coasting trade of the Straits of Malacca is in their hands, and to such an extent have they absorbed the trade of this colony, that I am told there is not a resident British merchant in Malacca. And it is not, as elsewhere, that they come, make money, and then return to settle in China, but they come here with their wives and families, buy or build these handsome houses as well as large bungalows in the neighbouring coco-groves, own most of the plantations up the country, and have obtained the finest site on the hill behind the town for their stately tombs. Every afternoon their carriages roll out into the country conveying them to their substantial bungalows to smoke and gamble. They have fabulous riches in diamonds, pearls, sapphires, rubies, and emeralds. They love Malacca and take a pride in beautifying it. They have fashioned their dwellings upon the model of those in Canton, but whereas cogent reasons compel the rich Chinaman at home to conceal the evidences of his wealth, he glories in displaying it under the security of British rule. The upper class of the Chinese merchants live in immense houses within walled gardens. The wives of all are secluded, and inhabit the back regions and have no share in the remarkably "good time" which the men seem to have.

Along with their industrious habits and their character for fair trading, the Chinese have brought to Malacca gambling and opium smoking. In the Straits Settlements the consumption of opium is one-seventh of the whole export to China, and the Government makes a large revenue from it. The Chinaman who "farms" the opium—i.e., who purchases from the Government the exclusive right to sell it—pays for his monopoly about £260 per day. It must be remembered, however, that every man who smokes opium is not what we understand by an "opium-smoker," and that between the man who takes his daily pipe of opium after his supper, and the unhappy opium-slave who reduces himself to imbecility in such dens as I saw in Canton, there is just as much difference as there is in England between the "moderate drinker" and the "habitual drunkard." Slavery is prohibited in Malacca, and slaves from the neighbouring State fly for freedom to the shelter of the British flag: but there is reason to suppose that the numerous women in the households of the Chinese merchants, though called servants, are persons who have been purchased in China and are actually held in bondage. Apart from these exceptions the Chinese population is a valuable one, and is in its upper classes singularly public-spirited, law-abiding, and strongly attached to British rule. L

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saw no shops except those for the sale of fish, fruit, and coarse native pottery, but doubtless most things which are suited to the wants of the mixed population can be had in the bazaars.

As we drove out of the town the houses became fewer and the trees denser, with mosques here and there among them, and in a few minutes we were in the great dark forest of coco, betel, and sago palms, awfully solemn and oppressive in the hot stillness of the evening. Every sight was new, for though I have seen the coco-palm before, the palm-fringes of the coral islands, with their feathery plumes, have little kinship with the dark, crowded coco-forests of Malacca, with their endless vistas and mysterious gloom. These forests are intersected by narrow, muddy streams, suggestive of alligators, up which you can go in canoes if you lie down, and are content with the yet darker shade produced by the *nibong*, a species of stemless palm, of which the poorer natives make their houses, and whose magnificent fronds are often from twenty to twenty-two feet in length. The soft carriage road passes through an avenue of trees of great girth and a huge spread of foliage, bearing glorious yellow blossoms of delicious fragrance. Jungles of sugar-cane often form the foreground of dense masses of palms, then a jungle of pineapples surprises one, then a mass of lianas, knotted and tangled, with stems like great cables and red blossoms as large as breakfast cups. The huge trees which border the road have their stems and branches nearly hidden by orchids—chiefly that lovely and delicate one whose likeness to a hovering dove won for it the name of the "Flower of the Holy Ghost," which lives but for a day, but in its brief life fills the air with fragrance. Then the trees change, the long tresses of an autumn-flowering orchid fall from their branches over the road; dead trees appear transformed into living beauty by multitudes of ferns, among which the dark-green shining fronds of the *Asplenium nidus*, measuring four feet in length, specially delight the eye; huge tamarinds and mimosa add the grace of their feathery foliage; the banana unfolds its gigantic fronds above its golden fruitage; clumps of the betel or areca palms, with their slender and absolutely straight shafts, make the coco-palms look like clumsy giants; the gutta-percha, india-rubber, and other varieties of ficus, increase the forest gloom by the brown velvety undersides of their shining, dark-green leafage; then comes the cashew-nut tree, with its immense spread of branches, and its fruit an apple with a nut below; and the beautiful bread-fruit, with its green "cantalupe melons," nearly ripe; and the gigantic *jak* and durian, and fifty others, children of tropic heat and moisture, in all the promise of perpetual spring, and the fulfilment of endless summer, the beauty of blossom and the bounteousness of an unfailing fruitage crowning them through all the year. At their feet is a tangle of fungi, mosses, ferns, trailers, lilies, *nibongs*, reeds, canes, rattans, a dense and lavish undergrowth, in which reptiles, large and small, riot most congenially, and in which broods of mosquitos are hourly hatched, to the misery of man and beast.

Occasionally a small and comparatively cleared spot appears, with a crowded cluster of graves, with a pawn-shaped stone at the head of each, and the beautiful frangipani, the "Temple Flower"



GOMUTI PALM.

of Sinhalese Buddhism, but the "Grave Flower" of Malay Mohammedanism, sheds its ethereal fragrance among the tombs. The dead lie lonely in the forest shade, under the feathery palm-fronds, but the living are not far to seek.

The Sweet Sad Years.

THE sweet sad years, the sun, the rain,
Alas! too quickly did they wane,
For each some boon, some blessing bore;
Of smiles and tears each had its store,
Its chequered lot of bliss and pain.

Altho' it idle be and vain,
Yet cannot I the wish restrain
That I had held them evermore;
The sweet sad years!

Like echo of an old refrain
That long within the mind has lain,
I keep repeating o'er and o'er,
"Nothing can e'er the past restore,
Nothing bring back the years again;"

The sweet sad years!

CANON BELL.

GERTRUDE.



AT THE WORKHOUSE.

YESTERDAY there was a dense autumn fog all day; one of those penetrating, clinging fogs which chill and depress one, and make one almost disbelieve that such things as summer and sunshine have ever existed. I was all alone in the old Manor House, and I wandered through the grey dismantled rooms where the ghostly furniture is shrouded in sheets and huddled together in the corners, leaving a solemn space of bare boards in the centre. I recognised an old work-box of mine on one of the tables, and I began to sort and arrange the odds and ends I found in it. There was a wrinkled Tonkin bean, an agate thimble, an emery cushion in the shape of an acorn, and a faded pink silk needle-book. As I opened the needle-book, a letter dropped from it and fell to the ground. I picked it up, and suddenly, as I looked at it through the grey shadows and the dimness of the autumn day, there rose up before me the vision of a sweet rosy face, fresh as a bunch of lilacs wet with April dew, and with the sunshine of careless happiness smiling out of the bright eyes. This was the letter. I place it

before you in its entirety as far as print can render it. The straggling handwriting, the horrid smudges, the crumpled folds cannot be expressed in words:—

“Wensday.

“Dearest Anne,—I am quite alone at home, because Papa and Mama are gone to Southampton. Do come and help me to Keep house. I am reading Political Ecomy (*I think she meant Political Economy*) and it is so interesting. Do come.

Your loving

GERTRUDE.

P.S. I will come and call for you in the carriage.”

I counted up the blots. They were three in number, and the whole letter was smudged. Evidently no attempt whatever at blotting it had been made. It had been crumpled up, wet as it was, and poked into the first envelope that came to hand, which happened in this instance to be a large official-looking blue envelope lined with linen. And now we come to the most shocking

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part of the whole affair—there was a dab of black sealing-wax on the cover, which had undoubtedly been sealed with the human thumb.

This little old letter brought back a long chain of memories to my mind. I remembered that I had received that disgraceful note, many years ago, on a fine spring morning; and that I had scarcely had time to glance at it before I heard the crunch of carriage wheels on the gravel—a noise as of a very fairly heavy young person jumping out—a furious peal at the bell, and then the scudding sound of two feet and a quantity of drapery hurrying up the passage. My sitting-room door flew open, and Miss Gertrude herself rushed in.

This student of political economy was dressed most untidily in a tumbled green cotton gown, with a brown hat hanging at the back of her head, and an ugly old grey shawl bundled up round her pretty throat, fastened all askew with a diamond brooch. Her white silk neckerchief had slipped round to the back of her neck, her black kid gloves were a mere wreck, and her nose was poking through a hole in her net veil.

She whirled me away with her in her little carriage. I can distinctly recall a feeling of uneasiness as we dashed past carts and waggon; and once, when for no apparent reason we bumped over twenty successive mud-heaps at the side of a wide smooth road, I ventured to expostulate gently, my driver was so busy repeating to me a remarkable passage in "Sordello" that she paid no heed either to my suggestions or to the jolting of the carriage. Overhead the sky was of a pure soft blue, with little fleecy clouds floating about in it; the broad meadows by the river were yellow with buttercups, and the trees were covered with the first fresh green of tender young leaves. The air was full of spring scents—the smell of the blossoming hedgerows, of the moist earth, of the sticky spikes of horse-chestnut flowers shining out of the dark foliage like Christmas candles, and of the lilacs and monthly roses in the cottage gardens. In the cool depths of the hazel copses the nightingale was singing as though his heart would break for joy; and in the spaces where the wood had been cleared the ground was blue and purple and yellow with hyacinths and orchids and poisonous spurge. Over the downs the swift shadows were chasing the sunlight, and a gentle caressing wind was blowing across the wide sweep of grass. By my side Gertrude was recklessly letting the reins float on the horse's back, repeating poetry in her fresh enthusiastic young voice, mispronouncing most of the long words, bounding fearlessly over others, and emphasising the lines at her own sweet will.

When we reached our destination, luncheon was already awaiting us. Gertrude sat down at the head of the table with an air of conscious majesty, and exerted herself for my benefit as an accomplished hostess. She offered me potatoes with my tart, and filled up my glass of claret with a liberal supply of port. I might, perhaps, also add that she constantly thanked herself effusively when she helped herself to any dish. For absence of mind was one of this young woman's most charming faults.

I myself, after the fashion of irresponsible people, thought her failings each more adorable than the other, but I know they nearly drove her governesses wild. Many were the stories told against her by a set of cousins who sometimes laughed at her, but were always more or less in love with her; stories of how she was in the habit of replenishing the coffee-pot with hot water under the mistaken impression that coffee was made on the same principle as tea; how she constantly used the word "decomposed" when she meant discomposed; and how, finally, she began a letter to a dean by the words: "Very dear dean," because, as she remarked, she knew one ought to use "very" in writing to a dean; it was, so to speak, his distinguishing title.

After luncheon Gertrude took me up into her own little sitting-room, which showed great signs of literary and artistic activity. There were Browning's poems in one little bookshelf, besides a volume or two of Carlyle, and some slim manuals in a drab-coloured binding, which, as she explained to me, were interesting books on Political Economy. There were also numerous works of art. A great deal of "messing" went on in that room under the name of oil-painting. There were three large panels, one with a bloated lily and a bower of vivid roses in process of painting; and the other two with a neat design of fuchsias, crimson passion-flowers, and purple petunias, growing out of some very wiry grass. I need not say that the time I speak of was long before the reign of high art.

There was also a tiresome little table adorned by a wreath of primroses and violets, which, it appeared, had been considered quite finished, and had, in the first flush of success, been carried down into the drawing-room as an elegant addition to the furniture. Subsequently it was discovered that this work of art had an awkward habit of becoming sticky in hot weather, and upon one occasion had actually adhered to a lady's elbow; and this unpleasant characteristic had necessitated its retirement from public life, for a season at least.

"I think," said Gertrude, reflectively, looking at it with her head on one side, and with one finger in her mouth—"I think it might go back to the drawing-room directly the cooler weather begins; it will do very nicely for a winter table."

On the following morning, after breakfast, Gertrude proceeded to read family prayers. She read in a loud, high-pitched voice, that rose and fell at unexpected moments, but yet was sweet despite itself. The household, chiefly composed of old servants, was well accustomed to Gertrude's peculiarities; but even some of the oldest members looked a little disturbed when she persistently pronounced Baruch "Barouche." Her cousins ill-naturedly asserted that she frequently used either the prayer for fine weather, or that appointed to be used in the time of war and tumults, to conclude this little morning service; but I feel myself bound to do her the justice of adding that on the present occasion she contented herself with the Collect for Christmas Day.

This was the last visit that I paid to Gertrude for some time. In the spring she and her parents

went to London for the season, and I only heard vague rumours of the balls she was dancing at, and of the conquests she was making. But when she returned to the country at the end of the summer I found her very little changed. Perhaps she had lost some of her former sweet girlish ungainliness, but she was as fresh and simple as ever. She had certainly acquired a decided taste for flirting, and preferred flirting with ten people at once to any quieter form of that fascinating amusement. I do not think she broke many hearts; she was too honest to play with a real affection; but that winter, when she married, several young gentlemen wore an air of deep depression; and one even went so far as to lose his appetite and his sleep, and went about looking like a lost dog. She had been his first love, and in those days he thought she would be his last. There was something very piteous in the young man's despair—which was quite real at the moment—and in his forlorn belief that at one-and-twenty he had lost everything that made life worth having.

Gertrude had been married about three months when she begged me to spend a few days with her in London. She had adopted certain dignified married airs, and gave me a great deal of advice in a tone of patronage, totally ignoring the ten years that separated my age from hers.

"If at any time, my dear," she said, with a majestic wave of her hand—the left hand, where the broad wedding-ring was very much to the front—"if at any time I can be of use in chaperoning you anywhere, pray let me know."

And so one night we went together to a drum, my pretty Gertrude dressed in every colour of the rainbow, with diamonds sparkling in her wavy hair and shining around her soft round throat. As we alighted from our carriage, the prince and princess in whose honour the party had been given happened to arrive almost at the same moment, and we stood aside on the steps to let them pass. As usual, there was a large crowd of people waiting to see the ladies enter the house. A poor woman just behind us was vainly endeavouring to lift up her child, a little cripple, so that he might see the princess, but each time that she pressed forward a policeman pushed her back. The child broke out into a reproachful wail: "Oh, I can't see her! I can't see her! You promised I should see her, mammy!"

Quick as lightning, Gertrude turned round. "Give me your little boy," she said, taking the astonished child into her arms; "I will hold him up; he will have a much better view here."

She waved aside the bewildered policeman with a queenly gesture. The little cripple put both his tiny, wasted arms trustfully round her neck and leant eagerly forward to see all that was to be seen; and when the sight was over, and Gertrude gently disentangled herself from his poor little hands to give him back to his mother, the child put his pale lips to her soft rosy cheek and kissed her. "Pretty lady! pretty lady!" he said, admiringly.

His mother broke out into a torrent of thanks and apologies, which Gertrude did not stay to

hear, but gathered up her brilliant train and passed into the house.

I did not wonder that poor people dearly loved her. She used to listen to all their troubles with the sympathising tears shining in her dreamy brown eyes, never doubting or questioning the truth of their stories. Her hand was always open. Several sensible people blamed her indiscriminate charity, and said that she did a great deal more harm than good. But it was a waste of words to preach to Gertrude on this matter; she gave because she could not help it.

Once a month she used to visit the large dreary workhouse in the manufacturing town near her new country home. She dressed herself carefully in her best clothes and wore all her brightest jewels. "For," she said, simply, "poor people care much more to see one in one's best things than rich people do. I wonder why everybody generally puts on their common dull old clothes when they visit cottages."

To do Gertrude justice, no one could call her commonest dress dull. Sober browns and quiet greys were unknown in her wardrobe. She wore as gay a plumage as any West Indian bird—yellow and green, pink and purple, with a vivid flash of blue or red. She would put a diamond brooch in her hat, she would fasten up the tail of her gown with some glittering shawlpin, and would wear gold chains, like an alderman, round her throat, and a broad silver belt at her waist. It was a pretty sight, in the starved winter weather, to see her walk into the dingy wards where the garrulous old persons had drawn their chairs away from the drab-coloured walls, and were sitting round the niggardly stove, holding out their withered hands to the warmth. She seemed to bring with her a light and life which brightened up the whole room as if by magic. She had a kind word or a pretty smile for every one, and when some inquisitive old body, with her foolishly-cunning head on one side like a magpie, would stretch out tentatively a lean arm to feel the lady's soft dress, Gertrude would put aside the deprecating mistress and would patiently wait until the whole circle had fingered the gay gown, feeling all the while as well pleased as any child could be to see how much her fine clothes were admired.

* * * * *

I laid down the old letter with a sigh, and the pretty vision vanished from my sight. Alas! Gertrude has long ago faded out of my life, together with youth and sunshine, and many pleasant things.

"Where are the songs of spring?"

asks Keats in his "Ode to Autumn." Ah! the songs of spring, as we know to our cost, have all passed out of hearing, and no regrets or yearnings can ever bring them back. But yet when I am sick or sorry, or when I lie awake at night, and dull hours hang heavy on my hands, I look back through the mists of busy years, and see once more my pretty Gertrude, dressed in all her bravery, with her kind hands outstretched to meet me, and with the sweet smile in her brown eyes.

ANNE FELLOWES.

THE FIRST OF THE WHITE MONTH.

THIS is what the Mongols call New Year's Day. Having an invitation from a friendly lama to spend the day with him, I took care to arrive at his tent, which was not far from the Russian frontier, on the afternoon of the last day of the old year. This afternoon is always a busy time with the Mongols. Enter a tent at this time, and, as soon as your eyes recover from the blinding glare of the sun on the white expanse of snow outside, and the bitterness of the smoke-cloud inside, through which you must pass before sitting down, you see all hands at work. They are preparing for next day's feast.

In the tent of my host they were making "banch." This is made by mincing mutton very small, mixing it with salt and chopped vegetables, and doing it up in small nuts covered with a casing of dough. They themselves consider it a luxury to be indulged in only on great occasions, and in this instance prepared a large quantity. As soon as a nut was finished it was placed on a board near the wall of the tent, where, notwithstanding the great fire blazing in the centre, it froze through in a few minutes. When frozen, the nuts were put away in a bag ready for the morrow.

While the rest of the company were making the banch, my host, the lama himself, was making repeated attacks on a basinful of boiled meat which stood before him. As soon as the banch was finished every man pulled out his knife and set to work on the meat. It is a little alarming to see a Mongol eat. He takes a piece of meat in his left hand, seizes it with his teeth, then cuts it off close to his lips. The knife flashes past so quickly and so close to the face that a spectator, seeing it for the first time, has his doubts about the safety of the operator's nose. Practice makes them expert and their hand sure, and I never heard of any one, even when drunk, meeting with an accident in this way. The configuration, too, of the Mongolian face makes this method of eating much safer for them than for us. A Mongol's nose is not at all prominent, sometimes hardly projecting beyond the level of the cheeks. Next to the colour of the hair, the size of the nose is the first thing that strikes a Mongol as peculiar in a foreigner. The alarm felt by a foreigner at seeing a group of Mongols eating meat is somewhat akin to that experienced by a Chinaman when for the first time he sees a party of foreigners at table, flourishing sharp glittering knives and putting food into their mouths by means of forks. He is astonished that the eaters do not cut themselves, and thinks his own harmless chopsticks much the safer way of eating.

While we were at dinner, I expressed my surprise at finding them taking their meal so early in the afternoon, and not after dark, as usual. The reason they gave was that the Mongol fashion was to eat seven dinners on the last day of the year. I rather liked this idea at first, as the custom in the north of Mongolia, of only one meal per day,

and that after dark, with nothing but tea, tea, tea, the whole day long, does not seem to suit an European so well as a Mongol. My satisfaction, however, was short-lived, for I soon discovered that they had made up their minds that I should do justice to the whole seven, and that a sly old yellow-coated lama on my left had installed himself as tally-keeper to the guests. As the day wore on, matters began to look a little serious. The solemn voice of the man in yellow had only pronounced *three*! What was to become of the remaining four? As I was wondering how I could best get out of the difficulty, deliverance came in an unlooked-for way. Some one sitting in a tent about a dozen yards off shouted, "Ocher, come and drink wine;" and Ocher, though as a lama he had vowed to abstain from wine, and just then was employed in counting my dinners, at the summons disregarded his vow, and went off at the call.

During the course of the afternoon two large pails were filled with tea and set aside. When all the preparations were finished we had a pleasant time round the blazing fire, talking of the customs of our respective countries, etc., etc. Among other things we talked of the speedy course of time, and, in return for some of our Christian metaphors, my lama gave me some wise Buddhist sayings, such as:—

"From the moment of acquiring wealth, parting with it is our doom.

From the moment of union, separation is our doom.

From the moment of birth, death is our doom.

Moment by moment we approach death."

Next morning, New Year's Day, all were astir early, and the every-day routine gone through as usual. The Mongolian New Year's Day, it should be noted, like the Chinese, is not the same as ours. The year consists of 360 days, with an odd month inserted each fourth year. The year begins usually the same time as our February. The customary question, "Have you slept well?" was asked, but no reference made to the new year. The only manifest difference was, that the whole household seemed to have got new caps. After a time, a neighbour came in and asked, "Have you not embraced yet?" This seemed to stir up our host; glancing at the crescent of sunshine, which, streaming in through the smoke-hole above indicates the time of day as it traces its way round the circumference of the tent, he remarked, "It is time now." But he was not quite ready. He unlocked a spacious box, and after bringing out a pile of things, new and old, at last succeeded in fishing out a new red coat and a fine fur cap, trimmed with yellow silk. The cap cost perhaps as much as the coat, and with the two our host looked quite imposing. When all was ready all stood up in the cloud of smoke, and each embraced each, saying, "Sain O?" (Are you well?) Their embrace is a very simple affair.

When two persons perform this ceremony they stretch out their arms towards each other, and the one puts the ends of his coat sleeves under the ends of the coat sleeves of the other. When we had all embraced we sat down again, and after wiping away the tears, which the bitter smoke had forced from our eyes, each one ate a small portion from a plate containing bread, fruits, roasted millet, and a preparation of milk. This done, we hastened to the next tent, in which a petty officer lived. By the time we all got in, the tent was crowded; each one of us embraced the host, putting our sleeves under his, in token of respect, asked, "Sain O?" found a seat where we could, drank his tea, tasted his fare, were offered Chinese wine in small Chinese cups, conversed a few minutes, and returned to our tent to receive visitors. They were not long in coming. Some were near neighbours. These merely drank tea and tasted bread, but when visitors came from a distance the bag of banch was produced, and a quantity of it boiled and handed to the strangers. The ease and rapidity with which this can be cooked makes it a very desirable kind of fare to have on hand on a day when numerous visitors are expected at different times.

As we had a gilling lama, a kind of doctor of medicine and divinity all in one, for our guest, we soon had a number of people in our tent anxious to know their "lucky air" for the year. The gilling was nothing loath to be consulted, produced his books, and soon satisfied the inquirers. The process of determining this "lucky air" is simple. The visitor tells his age, the gilling consults a table, and the point of the compass is found at once.

During the course of the day we had many visitors. Our tent possessed unusual attractions. My host was a man of influence; his guest, the gilling, had a great reputation for learning; and then there was "the man from the far country." After we had for a time entertained the numerous visitors whom these attractions drew to our tent, we dispersed in various directions to make the round of our several acquaintances. A young lama who had spent the night keeping a vigil in a temple took me in tow and conducted me to all the tents within a reasonable distance. In almost every instance we found the altar decked out with a great display of offerings. These consisted for the most part of bread and mutton, the broad piece of fat which forms the tail of the Mongolian sheep often being the centre-piece. One of the great injunctions of their religion is abstinence from flesh, and on expressing my surprise at finding the forbidden thing presented as a religious offering, an intelligent Mongol replied, "It all happens through stupidity; stupid men among us Mongols are many." It was noteworthy that on the altar of the man who made this remark the offerings consisted of grain, fruit, and bread only. In all the tents which we entered not only were the altars furnished with a profusion of offerings, but the altar-lamps—little brass cups filled with butter—were lighted, and in some of the more pretentious tents the altar was enclosed above and around with silken hangings. The altar stands

almost exactly opposite the door, and a New Year's Day visitor, on entering, turns first to the altar and worships; that done, he may address himself to the human occupants of the tent. I noticed only one departure from this rule throughout the entire day.

In addition to bread and tea, visitors are in most cases offered wine; and as every man is expected to visit the tents of all his friends, and as very few refuse wine when it is offered, there is some danger of a man drinking more than is good for him. Two things tend to keep the Mongol sober—the small size of the cups and the distance from tent to tent. But sometimes the Mongol gets tired of the minute Chinese wine-cup, throws it aside, and pours a good dram into a large wooden teacup. This, frequently repeated, produces its effect, and then follows horsemanship extraordinary! A Mongol, long after he is too drunk to stand, can keep his saddle very well if he can be hoisted into it, and one of the sights to be seen on the afternoon of a New Year's Day, is that of half-a-dozen madcaps careering in company over the snow, performing all manner of antics, and apparently in momentary danger of breaking their necks.

The northern Mongols usually restrict the festivity to one day, but their neighbours, the Buriats, keep up the celebration for a week or more, perhaps—as the Mongols say, with some scorn—in imitation of the Russians. Should friends be beyond reach on the first day of the year, the sacred duty of salutation is performed on the first occasion of their meeting. Far into the year it is quite common for Mongols meeting in the desert to remark, "We have not embraced yet, have we?" and then duly perform the ceremony that would have been appropriate months before. Southern Mongols, on the other hand, say they cease embracing at the end of the White Month.

J. G.

The Growth of American Trees.—Some notes have been published on the native trees of the lower Wabash and White River Valleys, the result of long and careful observations, made by Mr. Robert Ridgway and other naturalists, upon the forest growth of Southern Indiana and Illinois. The region described is of special interest, for the forest is hardly surpassed by any other in the number of species of which it is composed, and the magnificent development attained by many individual trees. Nowhere, in fact, in the whole of Eastern America have as many large specimens of as many species been recorded as Mr. Ridgway found in the lower Wabash Valley. Nearly all the largest and most valuable broad-leaved trees are there found associated together, and in a single square mile of woods seventy-five species of trees, nearly all of the first class, were tabulated, being nearly as many as grow on the whole European continent. By actual measurement thirty-four species were found to occasionally exceed 100 feet in height, while seventeen others, although not measured, were apparently at least 100 feet high. The tallest specimen measured, a tulip-tree, was 190 feet in height, and individuals of ten other species exceeded 150 feet. Mr. Ridgway states that the numerous small prairies, which were common in the Wabash basin at the time of its first settlement, have been transformed into woodland, and the area of the forest has greatly increased of late years. Extensive woods of oak and hickory, more than eighty feet high, and with trunks nearly two feet through, are now growing on what was open prairie within the memory of some of the present owners of the land.

WASHINGTON IRVING AND HIS FRIENDS.

RECENTLY there came to us across the Atlantic the announcement of a poet's death, and in thousands of English homes was felt the sorrow of bereavement. Longfellow was a name endeared to us by many recollections. He was of our own kith and kin, and his poetry sounded in our ears as the familiar music of a cradle song. The theme was sometimes strange, but the best thoughts and most cherished aspirations of the race find melodious utterance in his verses. They exhale an atmosphere of purity, now melting in tender sympathy with human suffering, now revelling in the golden dreams of youthful fancy, now rising in sonorous praise of manly worth. Before long we may hope to see a fitting memorial raised to one to whom we owe so much. Such a man does more to bind the two nations in one sentiment than could any treaty. We speak of Longfellow as we might of Tennyson or Cowper. But American poetry is of recent growth, and it may be interesting at this juncture to look back and see who were the founders of that literature which has so rapidly and completely grown to be a part of our own.

We are now in New York, shortly after the close of the War of Independence. It is a quaint little town, most of the houses looking as though they had been transplanted from Amsterdam or the Hague. There is much excitement, and people are running out into the streets to catch a glimpse of a certain distinguished visitor who has lately arrived. It is General Washington. "Here's a bairn named after your honour!" exclaimed an honest Scotch maid-servant as, breathless with haste and excitement, she pushed her way through the crowd to present her charge, a little boy of four or five years old. Thus we are told the first President of the United States looked upon his future biographer as he placed his hand kindly on the boy's head and gave him his blessing. There was a fitness in this meeting of the child and the man. The great Virginian soldier and statesman had guided and directed the struggle which had lately ended in the birth of a new nation. His young namesake, Washington Irving, was destined to lead the way in the creation of a new literature, and, by the influence of his example, to mould its form and quicken the growth of its early years.

The gulf which separates Irving from American writers of earlier date is profound. American literature may truly be said to commence with the publication of "Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York" in 1809. With a few notable exceptions of writers on the science of politics and jurisprudence, purely literary productions up to that date were few, and so inferior in quality that they have long since been forgotten. Turning over the pages of the first volume of "The Literary Magazine and American Register," commenced in Philadelphia by Mr. C. B. Brown in October, 1803, one might regard it as an exceedingly weak imitation of the old "Gentleman's

Magazine," without a single grain of originality or learning to leaven the lump of dulness. One of the few contributions to this magazine which has survived is Thomas Moore's "Farewell to Philadelphia," which appeared in the number for January, 1805, and the preservation of this is more due to the industry of collectors and editors than to any special merit in the poem. Brown's "Literary Magazine" is a fair specimen of what American literature was before the advent of Irving. Charles Brockden Brown, the editor, was an industrious man of no great merit, who wrote a number of tales, now scarcely remembered.

Washington Irving, the leader of that group of distinguished writers who first taught English readers to look across the Atlantic for contributions to their enjoyment, was born in New York in 1783. He was intended for the law, but the study of Blackstone and the routine of an office were not to his taste. He preferred excursions up the Hudson river, and explorations, gun in hand, through the adjacent wilds of New York State; and it is to these roving habits that we are indebted for some of those charming pictures of rural life as it then existed in America which we meet with in his works. The scattered farmers still preserved many of the characteristics of their Dutch ancestors, and the home of the Van Tassels was by no means an overdrawn picture. His delicate health induced his friends to send Irving to Europe in 1814, but he had already tried his hand at literature in a series of satirical letters, signed "Jonathan Oldstyle," which he contributed to his brother's paper, the "Morning Chronicle." After a stay of two years in Europe he returned to New York, and, having resumed his legal studies, was admitted to the bar, although his distaste for the law seems to have been as strong as ever. He continued to dabble in literature, and took a leading part in the production of "Salmagundi," a humorous magazine, to which his elder brother William, and his brother-in-law, James K. Paulding, were also contributors. "Salmagundi" was abruptly discontinued in the zenith of its success, and in 1809, when the author was only twenty-six years old, he published that humorous "History of New York," by Diedrich Knickerbocker, which was to extend his fame until it reached Abbotsford, where Sir Walter Scott enjoyed the work hugely, reading it aloud to his family and guests until, as he writes, "our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing." In the United States the success of the book was immediate. Real history and pure invention are so combined that some of the Dutch citizens actually resented its gravely humorous exaggerations as a vindictive satire on their ancestors, and it was only by degrees they came to understand its humour was not malicious. But the humorous creations of Irving have long since been adopted as parts of veritable history, and nowadays the best people in New York are proud to describe themselves as descendants of the Knickerbocker families.

In 1815, as soon as possible after the close of the war with England, Irving again visited Europe, chiefly with the intention of assisting his brother, with whom he was in partnership, and who was then at Liverpool. The failure of the house in 1817 involved Irving in financial difficulties, and it was then that he determined to look to literature as a profession. For seventeen years he lived in Europe, travelling on the Continent, but residing for the greater portion of the time in England. During this interval his pen was constantly employed, and he produced "The Sketch-book," "Bracebridge Hall," "Tales of a Traveller," "Life of Columbus," "The Conquest of Granada," and "The Alhambra." When at length Irving returned home, crowned with the reputation he had won in England, he found himself raised to a position in the literary society of America to which no writer since then has ventured to aspire. It was not only to testify their admiration for his genius that his countrymen overwhelmed him with applause. They were doubly proud of his achievements because they had been the means of giving the young nation an honoured position in the great republic of letters. Still another and more potent reason than all was the lovable nature of the man. The cheerfulness, the quick sympathy, the kindly nature which always saw the bright side of things, these are the qualities which shine so conspicuously in his writings, and truthfully reflect the character and disposition of the author. The humour is genuine and hearty; there is no spice of malice in it, and the frank laughter is never derisive.

It was soon after Irving's return to America in 1832 that he purchased the farm at Tarrytown, on the Hudson, which he christened "Sunnyside," and where he renovated and enlarged the old Dutch stone-built cottage which was to serve as his home. The Hudson presents some of the most picturesque river scenery in the world. Immediately above New York the view is charming, and as the river is ascended the banks on either hand rise almost perpendicularly from the water to a height of a hundred feet or more, and for the most part are clothed to the brink with trees. Every here and there an abrupt turn in the river shuts out the view in every direction, and appears to enclose the water within a ring of pine-clad hills, whose shadows are cast far across the pellucid surface. Then, just at the point where egress seems most effectually barred, the hills suddenly fall back, and an open pathway of water is visible for miles beyond. In one of the loveliest situations on the river, and in the midst of that Sleepy Hollow which his pen had so graphically described, Washington Irving took up his abode. There he lived for the next ten years, working industriously with his pen, and producing a large quantity of magazine literature, as well as several works of importance.

In 1842 he went as American Minister to Madrid, a post which he filled with conspicuous ability until 1846, when he finally returned to America and to his retreat at Sunnyside. Here, happy in the society of his friends, he passed the remaining thirteen years of his life. He died in

November, 1859, in the midst of that Indian summer when the American landscape is ablaze with glories of the dying year, when every coppice is clad in brilliant garments of purple and amber, scarlet and orange, with ten thousand intermediate shades of loveliness, and the whole land seems dyed in the hues of sunset.

Irving's disposition was one which attracted friendship. Authors have an evil reputation for quarrelling amongst themselves, but however that may be, Irving was never party to the strife. His frank loyalty disarmed envy, and although he was over-sensitive to adverse criticism, resentment was foreign to his nature. His literary contemporaries were his friends, and whatever differences might exist between them, all could meet at Sunnyside with the feeling that they had at least one friend in common. And many were the meetings which did take place there. Timid young authors were sure of sympathy and encouragement, and old comrades of the pen knew well enough the hearty welcome which would greet their arrival. Here the gifted but irascible James Fenimore Cooper might meet his critics on neutral territory. Cooper was six years younger than Irving, and, next to his host, was the most distinguished literary man of his day. Cooper, like Irving, created certain types of character which have become traditional. His Long Tom Coffin, his Indian braves, and his gallant old Leatherstockings have the same reality as the Hengist and Horsa of our own traditional beginnings. More closely resembling Irving in the delicate quality of his conceptions was the shy, retiring Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose life seems to have been tinged with gentle melancholy. He constantly shunned society, and even as a youth preferred above all things the solace of solitude, in which he might give free play to his imagination, and conjure up those weird and sombre fabrics to which he afterwards gave substance in his writings. But much as he liked solitude, the genial sunshine of Irving's presence melted away his reserve, and the author of "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables" would yield to the infectious happiness of the occasion.

William Hickling Prescott, the historian, was attached to Irving by a closer tie than community of tastes. Prescott came of New England stock of Revolutionary fame, his grandfather having commanded the colonial troops at the battle of Bunker's Hill. His university career at Harvard had been most brilliant, and future success in his profession, the law, seemed assured. But an accident changed the whole course of his life. At a college dinner in his junior year an undergraduate in pure wantonness threw at random a hard piece of bread, which struck Prescott in one of his eyes and destroyed the sight. His other eye was soon sympathetically affected, and for the rest of his life, although not totally blind, Prescott was only able to see "as through a glass darkly." This sudden termination of his hopes led him to turn his attention to literature, and, by aid of a reader and amanuensis, to undertake those historical studies which resulted in his "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella."



Tuckerman

Holmes
Simpson

Hawthorne
Hallock

Longfellow

Willis
Prescott

Irving
Paulding
Emerson

Bryant
Kennedy
Cooper

Bancroft

WASHINGTON IRVING AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDS AT SUNNYSIDE.

[From an American Picture.]

"Conquest of Mexico," and other now famous works. The difficulties of such an undertaking by a blind man may well be conceived, and these difficulties were increased tenfold by the fact that the original works to be consulted were written in Spanish, a language of which his first reader was totally ignorant, and who, although taught by Prescott to read the words mechanically, never understood their meaning. He was more fortunate in his later amanuensis, Mr. John Foster Kirk, to whom, on his death in 1859, he left the task of editing the latest edition of his works. Mr. Kirk himself became an historian; his "History of Charles the Bold" is of approved merit. One of Irving's most cherished projects was a history of the Spanish conquest of Mexico, and soon after his return from Europe in 1832 he set to work to arrange the large mass of materials he had collected. He had even got so far as the first chapters of his history, when he was incidentally informed that young Prescott was engaged on a like undertaking. Irving at once renounced the cherished theme. It is possible that Prescott never fully understood the magnitude of his obligation to Irving, as he never alluded to it; but there is little doubt if Irving, then at the height of his fame, had been less generous, the standard history of that eventful period would have been Irving's, and not Prescott's.

Another historian, George Bancroft, whose history of the United States is generally regarded, both in England and America, as the standard history, was a frequent visitor at Sunnyside. After his return from his mission to London in 1849 he took up his abode in New York, and was therefore within easy distance of Sleepy Hollow. From the far South came William Gillmore Simms, one of the most voluminous and popular authors of his day, but of whom little is now remembered, except by the literary fraternity in America. He was a native of Charlestown, South Carolina, and almost his last work was a collection of the war poetry of the South, published in 1867, soon after the collapse of the Southern rebellion. He was a poet, dramatist, and historian, but his best work was in the department of historical fiction. His "Partisan" and other romances in a connected series present accurate and graphic pictures of the times of the Revolution.

Fitz Greene Halleck, the graceful and finished poet and brilliant wit, who at that time lived in New York, was frequently able to join the gathering. Two other poets are there with whom English readers have since become affectionately familiar. The elder is William Cullen Bryant, whose precocious genius at the age of thirteen years produced a political satire which attained the distinction of a second edition within a few months of its first appearance. His celebrated "Thanatopsis" was written when the poet was but nineteen, and appeared in 1816, and is nowadays to be found in every representative collection of poetry. He removed from his New England home in Massachusetts in 1824, to take up his residence in New York, so that he also was a comparatively near neighbour of Irving. Henry

Wadsworth Longfellow, whose death is still fresh in the recollection of all, was only beginning to be known on this side of the Atlantic when Geoffrey Crayon kept open house at Sunnyside. His "Hyperion" was published in 1839, and from that date a long interval elapsed before a Liverpool printer ventured to produce the first volume of Longfellow's collected works which appeared in England. Oliver Wendell Holmes was also a poet, and a collection of his works appeared in England as long ago as 1845, but the most lasting association connected with his name is "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which he contributed to the first twelve numbers of the "Atlantic Monthly" during 1858. How many different editions have since appeared in England and America, and how many readers have enjoyed its delicious humour, it is impossible to conjecture. Dr. Holmes also wrote some learned treatises on intermittent fevers and cognate subjects, but these, however meritorious, scarcely strengthen his claim to a place in the symposium.

Nathaniel Parker Willis, "Nabby Pamby Willis," as he was termed by his contemporaries, because of the parallel suggested by his initials, was a miscellaneous writer and journalist, whose "Pencilings by the Way," "Dashes at Life," and other volumes of collected sketches, still possess interest. The super-extra polish which he endeavoured to give to his writings was so obviously intruded, that it gave rise to the *sobriquet* under which he was known. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the sage of the transcendental school of New England writers, who lived like a mediæval hermit, and whose writings captivate by their style, however else they may affect the intelligence of the reader, has scarcely yet been assigned his true place in the literary history of the century. That the grave and simple-hearted philosopher of Concord should have found congenial company at Sunnyside is powerful evidence of the many-sided charms of Irving's mind. John Pendleton Kennedy was a writer in some respects resembling Simms. Like the latter, he was imbued with Southern ideas, and like him, also, his best works were historical romances of the Revolutionary period, amongst which "Horse Shoe Robinson" and "Rob of the Bowl" are the best remembered. Kennedy was born in Baltimore, and took an active part in Maryland politics, being at one time Speaker of the State House of Delegates, and at another a member of the National House of Representatives.

The two most intimate friends of Irving were also his neighbours. James Kirke Paulding, his brother-in-law, and the companion of his youth, lived a short distance above Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, not far from "Sleepy Hollow." Paulding took part in the production of "Salmagundi," and subsequently wrote a number of tales and sketches which still retain currency in America. Henry Theodore Tuckerman, the second of the twain, has given us the most lifelike picture of Irving and his home at Sunnyside that has been written. He has produced many things besides—poems, essays, biographies, and criticisms—and has uniformly shown himself to be an appreciative and kindly critic and most graceful writer.

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In the group of portraits which surround Irving in our engraving it is curious that three of the persons should have held the important office of Secretary of the United States Navy, a position equivalent to that of one of our Cabinet Ministers. The three thus distinguished were Paulding, Kennedy, and Bancroft.

The page in the literary history of America which the group at Sunnyside represents has been turned. Most of the men are dead, but each took part, according to his ability, in laying the foundation of a mighty fabric, of which the cornerstone was the genius of Washington Irving.

J. V. W.

HUGHENDEN AND LORD BEACONSFIELD.



HUGHENDEN HOUSE.

IT has often been remarked that in England, if attention is called to some little unknown and obscure hamlet, a little research into its records will reveal to the astonishment of the interested inquirer how in the ages long deceased it was the home of great historic characters and the centre of rich historic circumstances. Hughenden in a very remarkable manner illustrates this. It is probably known to few of our countrymen and countrywomen except as the residence of the recently departed statesman, but it has claims upon the lover and visitor of English homes and shrines quite apart from most that belong to its last great resident, Lord Beaconsfield. It lies about a mile from the old town of High Wycombe, the most ancient and important, the largest and the most handsome town of Buckinghamshire, and like that town it is situated in the narrow valleys in the midst of the Chiltern Hills of beautiful Buckinghamshire, in ancient times so-called because covered with beech forests. Few spots in the country are more lovely than this neighbourhood; the hills heave and swell in gentle undula-

tions all around, and ancient and immemorial trees seem to assert a modern relationship with the ancient name. Hughenden is a historic site; it stands in the centre of richly-classic historic ground. Amidst these hills and dales some of the homes and haunts of the most illustrious Englishmen are to be found. Close by, within an easy walk, is Great Hampden, the home of the great patriot John Hampden; his old house is still standing. Not far from here is Chalgrove, where he received his fatal wound, and in the churchyard of his village his venerable remains are entombed. Within another easy walk is Beaconsfield, the residence of the great statesman Edmund Burke. The title ought, in all fitting reverence, to have been reserved to that illustrious man; it is understood that the writ was made out by which beneath that title he was to be raised to the peerage, but the death of his son broke the old statesman's heart, and he declined, in touching terms, the coronet which had lost all value in his eyes since he could not bequeath it to his child. The whole circumstances ought to have made the title inviolate.

Hughenden Manor, which there can be little doubt stands on the site of the more ancient

manor house of the old lords of Hughenden, has a modern appearance. It is a square building, and it rises on a gentle eminence commanding a view towards Wycombe. The lawns are tastefully laid out and planted with choice flowers and exotic shrubs. Here Lord Beaconsfield's favourite peacocks were wont to strut and scream. The entrance to these private grounds is through the Golden Gate. Here are some fine specimens of cedars of Lebanon—it is said produced by cuttings brought by Lord Beaconsfield from Palestine. On the northern side of the house is a tree planted by the Prince of Wales during his two days' visit in 1880, and on the south lawn two fir-trees planted by the Queen and the Princess Beatrice on the occasion of her Majesty's visit in 1877.

Entering the house we pass through an arch cut in a screen of yew-trees, sequestered and shut in as apparently remote from the great world as if separated by hours of travel instead of a few minutes from the train and within an hour of London. Here the statesman brooded over the tactics of party, and the novelist wove his chains of romance, and the wit forged and sharpened his shafts of epigram. Amidst these woods and grounds he walked and wandered, keeping, his servants say, but very little company, a silent, musing man, not disposed for conversation. He was fond of weaving his fancies round the place.

A little brook, the Hughenden brook—we followed the course of it—takes its rise beyond Lees Farm. It flows by the church, through the park, and falls into the Wye in Oxford Road. It is a little bright, babbling brook, quite too small to be entitled to the name of a river; yet, with its island and little cascades and rustic bridges, it lends a pleasing charm to the landscape as it races on its way to join the Wye. It was perhaps in many ways characteristic of the late earl that he called this little brook "that ancient river, the River Kishon." Another portion of wooded ground he was wont to call his German forest. This is Hughenden Wood, one of the most extensive in the country. There are also in the vicinity the Great and Little Tinker's Wood, and another called the Millfield Wood; and in a clear, open spot, between the two woods, stands an obelisk, erected by Lady Beaconsfield to the memory of her husband's father, Isaac Disraeli, the author of "The Curiosities of Literature." After her death her husband added an inscription perpetuating also the memory of her ladyship.

It might have been supposed that a house so beloved by its late owner would have been traced in some of those descriptions of patrician homes so abundantly strewn along his novels. He was fond of describing the stately homes of England, but it seems as if his own were too simple for the magnificence of his imagination. Yet Hurstley, in "Endymion," looks something like it, "at the foot of the downs, itself on a gentle elevation, an old hall, standing in grounds which were once stately, where yet were glade-like terraces of yew-trees; it stood in what had once been a beech forest, and, though the timber had been cleared, the green land was dotted with groups, and sometimes with single trees, giving a rich wildness to

the scene and sustaining the forest character; but the living rooms of the house were moderate—even small—in dimensions, and not numerous." Such is the appearance of Hughenden.

It seemed to be even more interesting to wander amongst these grounds on the fine summer day when we paid our visit, by the chattering stream, which seems to say—

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever—"

through the wood, through the gardens and the park, than over the house itself. Ordinarily, as a house, it would not have great claims on curious regards. No doubt, partially reared on an ancient foundation, and from ancient walls, it is not so old as it at first appears to be; and, fond as its owner was of it, its interior does not give an aspect of brightness and cheerfulness. The hall, the staircase, the drawing-room, and the state bedroom are crowded with portraits, almost without an exception, of the earl's political supporters and early friends. Probably most of these were presents. Notably, in the drawing-room, a very fine three-quarter length portrait of her Majesty, painted by Müller, and presented by her to the earl on his seventieth birthday—the most pleasing portrait of the Queen in her later years which we remember to have seen, and of which, we suppose, no engraving or copy exists. Another original and powerful portrait we could wish to see engraven is that of Lord Byron. The Count D'Orsay, the Countess of Blessington, Macclise's well-known early portrait of Lord Bulwer-Lytton, and in the place of honour, over the mantelpiece, a portrait of the Viscountess Beaconsfield—and, retreating somewhat into the shade, a small but full-length portrait of his early friend Napoleon III. The entire absence of landscape, bits of natural scenery, those delicious illustrations of water, seemed to us singularly significant. In the hall are the portraits of his old chief, "the Rupert of Debate," the late Lord Derby, the present earl, Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Stafford Northcote, and many others, crowding the way to the apartments upstairs. Here, of course, the most interesting room is the state bedroom, the room occupied by the Queen on her visit to Hughenden; and here the most significant portraits are those of the earl's father, grandfather, and other members of his family. Close by this is the earl's bedroom, which has, however, in the new arrangement of the household, undergone a change. Sir Samuel Wilson, however, the present occupant, appears to deal very reverentially with old associations.* The room, Lord Beaconsfield's favourite writing-room, where probably he indulged the fancies of his novels in the morning, and enjoyed his after-dinner cigar, is still, what we suppose it has been for the last thirty years, the most charming room in the house; but this is not the library, that is a

* It is only right here to acknowledge the courtesy of Sir Samuel Wilson, to whom we owe the opportunity of a personal acquaintance with its sequestered shades and haunted rooms. It is interesting also to note the transference of the old historical manor into the hands of a prosperous Australian, a worthy type of the energy of our new Colonial Empire.

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HUGHENDEN CHURCH.

more stately and imposing room, and evidently intended not so much for a student's comforts as for the exhibition of his intellectual wealth. Such is Hughenden; but probably when, thirty years since, Mr. Disraeli became its purchaser, he did not know what a veil of singular and interesting tradition hung over the manor and its whole neighbourhood, linking its history to some of the most ancient and most memorable names of our English story.

Into these details it is clear we have no space to enter, but should any reader be disposed to inquire further, he may perhaps be surprised to find in the fifth volume of the "Records of Buckinghamshire" that Mr. Downs has found material for some hundred and fifty pages of interesting matter reciting the story of the old place. It seems certain that both Romans and Danes played their part, fought their battles, and left their tessellated pavements and gigantic bones beneath the soil hereabouts. This property was held before the Norman conquest by Edith, the queen of Edward the Confessor. Passing on, we find it granted by Henry I to Geoffrey de Clinton, the builder of the famous Castle of Kenilworth; and more interesting memories associate it with the honoured name of Simon de Montfort, the Earl of Leicester, who may almost be called the founder of the English House of Commons—"Sir Simon the Righteous," as he was popularly called; and hence comes at once one of the most probable and pleasing traditions of Hughenden. Hither, after the great battle of

Evesham, in which Simon de Montfort fell, his son, Richard de Montfort, retired, assuming probably his wife's name of Wellesbourne. A more doubtful story tells how Henry, the brother of Richard, deprived of his sight by a blow in the battle, was saved from death and nourished by a baron's "fair daughter." She conveyed him to a place of safety—a retreat in London; he married her; she nursed him back to health but not to sight, and became in due time the happy mother of one of the best-known damsels of ballad-lore, "the pretty Bessie," the well-known daughter of "the blind beggar of Bethnal Green." Bessie grew up to be a very beautiful creature, of course courted by many suitors, but who turned their backs upon her when they discovered that she was the daughter of a blind beggar.

" 'Nay, then,' quoth the merchant, 'thou art not for me.'
 'Nor,' quoth the inn-holder, 'my wife shalt thou be.'
 'I lothe,' said the gentle, 'a beggar's degree,
 And, therefore, adieu, my pretty Bessie.'"

At last the story tells us how, when one gallant knight proposed and was accepted, the blind beggar declared his noble degree and his possession of large wealth, upon which happy discovery the "pretty Bessie" and her gallant knight, being duly wedded, tradition brings them to Hughenden Manor with the brother of the bridegroom. All this is very doubtful; but it is not doubtful that Hughenden Manor carries back the memory of its ownership to the De Montfort family, and this

alone gives an exceeding interest to this neighbourhood.

Two or three moments' walk from the Manor House conducts us to the churchyard, with its "rugged elms and yew-trees' shade," and its ancient church. Recent months have retouched



LORD BEACONSFIELD'S MONUMENT.

and repaired the church, but it is seven hundred years old. There is evidence incontestable enough of that. Few churches so obscure contain such mementoes of antiquity. Here is the effigy with the legs crossed and the three crescents at the feet, assuring us that we are before the tomb of a crusader; and in another corner one of those ghastly representations of death often met with in cathedrals—rarely in parish churches—an

emaciated figure representing a full-sized corpse stretched upon a winding-sheet or shroud. This figure—a crusader of the fifteenth century—was found buried in the churchyard in 1833, and the church has many similar effigies to those we have mentioned, indicating its remote antiquity. But the death and burial of the Earl of Beaconsfield lifted the church from its obscurity, and what must have been its ancient sombreness and gloom; its new stained-glass windows, perfect in their beauty of conception and their exquisite tone of colour, give soft and pleasant light to the whole building. Very different, we should think, in effect to that day when the church and churchyard were crowded by the representatives of the royal family, the most distinguished peers, the most illustrious commoners, crowding round the open grave or vault of the man who, commencing life with nothing—like another Wolsey—became the Cecil or Burleigh of his line. Certainly one of the most influential statesmen of his age in the estimation of his party, and especially in the high and affectionate regard he received from his Sovereign. A thousand pounds' worth of wreaths of flowers, including one from the Queen, the vicar told us, were heaped over and around his coffin. Over the pew where the earl sat is the elegant monument erected by the Queen, bearing the inscription, "To the dear and honoured memory of Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield, this memorial is placed by his grateful Sovereign and friend, VICTORIA R. I. Kings love him that speaketh right. February 27th, 1882." The seat of the earl is separated. Upon it is placed a wreath or immortelle from the Queen, and when the silk banner and badges of Knighthood of the Garter were taken down from Lord Beaconsfield's stall in St. George's Chapel in Windsor, her Majesty caused them to be forwarded to his lordship's executors, to be placed over his seat in Hughenden Church.

Of course, while tradition and history and natural scenery make Hughenden interesting to the artist, the antiquarian, and the poet, the interest of the spot centres in the memory of the departed statesman; into his claims as the counsellor and confidential adviser of his Sovereign, it is obvious we cannot enter. He was leader of the Tories, yet in some things more Radical than any Whig. His opponents said that he was anything for an end, and especially for his own ends, but a more careful study of his works leads to the conclusion that there was in him a depth and reality of conviction for which he has seldom had the credit. He was in no sense a man of the age or the nineteenth century. He despised the idea of social equality, he despised science in its more arrogant claims and assumptions, and he despised metaphysics. It must be admitted that there was often a logical and irresistible force in his pertinent epigrams.

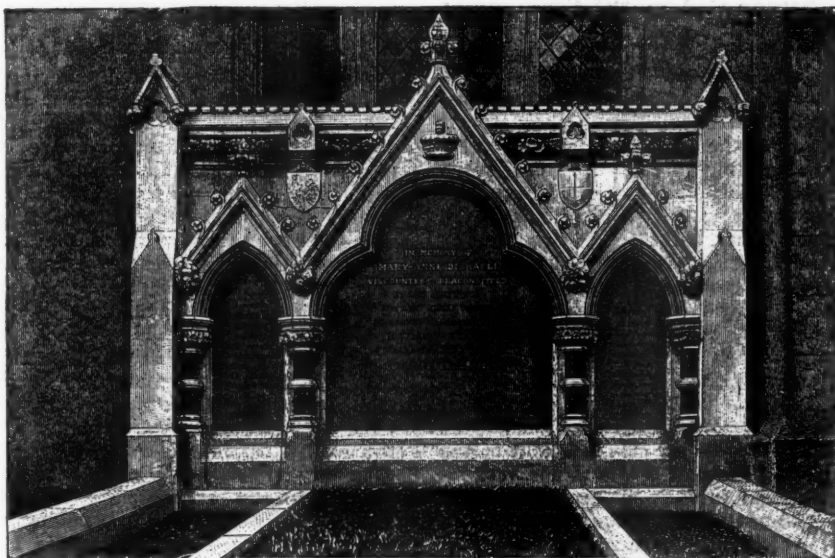
It was in the nature of Lord Beaconsfield's mind—perhaps it was not in the characteristic of his race—that he did not—could not—reason by argumentative processes. About the time of the publication of "Tancred," but just before, appeared "The Vestiges of the Natural History

of Creation ;" he satirised it under the designation of the "Revelations of Chaos." "It is treated scientifically. Everything is explained," he makes a young lady to say, "by geology and astronomy, and in that way it shows you exactly how a star is formed. Nothing can be so pretty! A cluster of vapour, the cream of the milky way, a sort of celestial cheese churned into light. Read the book; it is impossible to contradict anything in it. You understand, it is all science; everything is proved by geology, you know. You see exactly how everything is made; how many worlds there have been; how long they lasted; what went before and what comes next. We are a link in the chain; all that will remain of us will be some relics on a new red sandstone. This is development. We had fins; we may have wings!"

There are many reminiscences of a very amiable character which illuminate the memory of the earl, especially the affectionate and grateful regard he always entertained for his wife, whom he always esteemed as the founder of his fortunes and the co-partner of his fame. She was fond of travelling with him, and, on his more public ovations, witnessing the exhibitions of triumph and honour which greeted him. A friend of the earl and of the present writer was dining with him, when one of the party—a Member of the House for many years, of a noble family, but rather remarkable for raising a laugh at his buffoonery than any admiration for his wisdom—had no better taste or grace than to expostulate with Disraeli for always taking the viscountess with him. "I cannot understand it," said the graceless man; "for, you know, you make yourself a perfect laughing-stock wherever your wife goes with you." Disraeli fixed his eyes upon him very expressively and said, "I don't suppose you can understand it, B.—I don't suppose you can understand it, for no one could ever in the last and

wildest excursions of an insane imagination suppose you to be guilty of gratitude!" The same friend mentioned to the writer how once, when the House was up and almost everybody out of town, passing by Disraeli's house, he saw indications that he was at home. He knocked and inquired. Yes, he was in town and at home. "Why," he inquired, "how is this? I thought you were abroad!" No; the viscountess was too weak to travel, indisposed to leave London, and he would not and could not leave her. "But," said the statesman, "I have been spending such time as I could spare in reading one of the most painful and extraordinary books I have attempted to read. I wonder I have never tried to read it before." "What is the book?" said our friend. "A dreadful, a wonderful book!" "But what is it?" "Why, for several days past I have had a brougham at the door, and I started away to spend some hours in wandering through and reading the black pages—of the East End of London!" Our readers may remember how some such impression is conveyed in the pages of "Coningsby," when Manchester is seen for the first time.

Lord Beaconsfield never forgot that he was by birth a Jew; it is impossible not to believe that he was a sincere Christian, and that he accepted heartily the two Testaments—the doctrines of Christianity—as the appropriate completion and consummation of the Hebrew ritual and prophecy. He was as proud of his Hebrew descent as was the apostle Paul. The following passages are not less true than they are brilliant, occurring in his most remarkable essay on the Jews and Judaism in his "Biography of Lord George Bentinck": "The world has by this time discovered that it is impossible to destroy the Jews. The attempt to extirpate them has been made under the most favourable auspices, and on the largest scale; the



LADY BEACONSFIELD'S GRAVE.

most considerable means that man could command have been pertinaciously applied to this object for the longest period of recorded time. Egyptian Pharaohs, Assyrian kings, Roman emperors, Scandinavian crusaders, Gothic princes, and holy inquisitors have alike devoted their energies to the fulfilment of this common purpose. All which proves that it is vain for man to attempt to baffle the inexorable law of nature, which has decreed that a superior race shall never be destroyed by an inferior." And in the same essay, in the closing paragraph, expostulating with Jews on their unbelief in Jesus as the Messiah, he says: "Perhaps, too, in this enlightened age, as his mind expands, and he takes a comprehensive view of this period of progress, the pupil of Moses may ask himself whether all the princes of the house of David have done so much for the Jews as the Prince who was crucified on Calvary. Had it not been for Him the Jews would have been comparatively unknown, or known only as a high Oriental caste which had lost its country. Has not He made their history the most famous in the world? Has not He

hung up their laws in every temple? Has He not vindicated all their wrongs? Has not He avenged the victory of Titus, and conquered the Cæsars? What successes did they anticipate from their Messiah? The wildest dreams of their rabbis have been far exceeded. Has not Jesus conquered Europe, and changed its name into Christendom? All countries that refuse the Cross wither, while the whole of the New World is devoted to the Semitic principle, and its most glorious offspring, the Jewish faith; and the time will come when the vast communities and countless myriads of America and Australia, looking upon Europe as Europe now looks on Greece, and wondering how so small a space could have achieved such great deeds, will still find music in the songs of Sion, and still seek solace in the parables of Galilee. These may be dreams, but there is one fact which none can contest. Christians may continue to persecute Jews, and Jews may persist in disbelieving Christians, but who can deny that Jesus of Nazareth, the Incarnate Son of God, the Most High God, is the eternal glory of the Jewish race?"

HOW THE NEWSPAPER IS MADE.

OF the various industries by which the wants of our complex civilisation are supplied, no one has taken such bold strides of late years as that which gives us our daily newspaper. The London morning journals in which our fathers read of some of the greatest achievements of our arms, such as the naval victories of Duncan, Jervis, and Nelson, the storming of Seringapatam, the battles of Alexandria and Copenhagen, the defeat of Bonaparte at Acre, and the surrender of Malta to the British, were smaller, browner, and typographically less artistic sheets than any with which a printer would now think of commencing a halfpenny venture in a country town. Their circulation corresponded with their aspect. At the beginning of the century the most successful of London morning journals sold only 7,000 per diem. The legislature of those days treated knowledge as a luxury, and political knowledge as a dangerous luxury, and taxed it accordingly, not only heavily, but with so much arbitrariness as to preclude that confidence which is the soul of enterprise. Many among us can remember when every news-sheet bore compulsorily a four-penny stamp, and every advertisement was subject to a duty of three shillings and sixpence. It was the removal of these crushing imposts, together with a prospect of the entire abolition of the paper duty, which led to the establishment of the great newspapers of to-day, ample sheets, reckoning their circulation in fractions of millions, and for which every four and twenty hours are gathered, by agencies which girdle the globe, reports of whatever has happened of broad human interest in any part of the great family of man.

Accustomed as we all are to hear our daily newspapers referred to as organs or guides of opinion, a reference to them as products of industry may seem at first sight harsh and too materialistic. Yet a little reflection will show that the collection, verification, arrangement, and publication of the almost infinite variety of announcements, narratives, descriptions, and reports of all kinds presented to the public every morning, and the authorship lying behind the whole, is only possible on the supposition of a vast organisation of labour directed by the highest administrative skill, and sustained by financial resources at once large and elastic. It is of this organisation and the methods of its working that a summary account will now be given, and perhaps the most convenient way of accomplishing this object will be to look in the first place at the organisation of the workers, and then to follow the most important operations of a working day.

What the British reader has always prized, always required in his newspaper, is fresh, full, and accurate intelligence. Where a Frenchman is satisfied with "incidents" without place or date, an Englishman demands facts. Thus the largest space in our newspapers, leaving the advertisement columns out of the question, is occupied with reports—i.e., statements relating to things that have just happened. The soundness of a newspaper's reporting arrangements is put to a sharp test every time that anything of a nature greatly to interest the public happens suddenly beyond the reach of the central office. Let a railway accident or colliery explosion occur, and it is seen at once whose agencies really cover the

ground, and whose reputation for liberality most stimulates volunteer aid. The working value of a journal does not, however, depend, in the eyes of its best supporters, so much on its startling news as on the regular supply of details which a desultory reader might think of small importance. Thus the marketable property of the country rises or falls in value by millions every day, and it is to columns of small type that are stowed away in the inner pages of the paper that the man of business first turns in order to learn whether he is the richer or the poorer for the movement. On a Monday morning as many as a hundred independent market reports, each supported by quotations, will be found in a single first-class journal. The money article, with its subsidiary reports, is compiled under the care of a special editor having offices in the City; while the returns from the great ports, the chief corn markets, and the centres of manufacturing industry, are forwarded by regular correspondents, who are generally connected with some local newspaper. On Saturday evening, by means of late and special editions, the London corn merchant is enabled to read in his suburban villa the variations in the price of wheat that have taken place at all the great markets in the kingdom.

It is evident, however, that in order that the newspaper may reflect the full and varied life of the day, and especially of the capital, a very large amount of reporting power must remain at the free disposal of the editor and manager. Accordingly every daily newspaper has attached to it some twenty or more educated gentlemen, paid by regular salaries, who receive their instructions morning by morning, and who prepare reports of the political, mercantile, philanthropic, and other meetings held during the day. The newspaper reporting work held most in honour is that of the galleries of the two Houses of Parliament. For this purpose distinct corps of reporters are formed, each member of which daily finds his name inserted in a concise time-table, from which he learns precisely at what time his particular duty begins and ends, and to whose work his own will piece on. In this way throughout a long sitting the several members of the corps are enabled to come and go with confidence, and each can take up the thread of a speech just where his predecessor lays it down. The shorthand notes are written out in full for the printer within the Houses of Parliament, and dispatched by a messenger in a cab to the office. When the House sits late, the "turns" of each reporter are made gradually shorter, so as to minimise the time employed in transcription. It will be apparent that much more than mere dexterity and technical skill is required of a parliamentary reporter. Besides being a good note-taker and rapid writer, he must be well acquainted with current politics, an accurate observer, and quick to understand the subtle allusions which play about every earnest debate. It need not be added that in the discharge of his duties he must be rigorously impartial. The occupation of a parliamentary reporter is often followed for a time by barristers in those early years before professional merit has been recog-

nised, and standing acquired in the courts of law; and the benches at Westminster have been adorned by many a judge who could look back to a most useful connection with the newspaper press. The best speakers in Parliament have at all times shown themselves sensible of the value of good reporting, and old gallery men have pleasant stories to tell of the frankness with which a Palmerston, a Cornwall Lewis, or a Disraeli would acknowledge their indebtedness to the reporters, and at times ask their opinion on matters of practice within the House.

The keenness of competition, and the necessity of making the newspaper as complete a reflection as possible of the life of the day, has favoured the extension within the last few years of what may be called objective reporting, to distinguish it from the mere reproduction of spoken words. Success in this line depends on quickness of observation and sympathy and aptitude for seizing and describing features which appeal to the popular taste. The prototype of the modern descriptive reporter is Mr. Charles Dickens, whose habit of heightening a picture by the accumulation of minute details has had a very marked influence upon newspaper reporting. The brilliant word painter and vivid narrator is allowed more freedom of style and is honoured with larger type than his less original colleague. His contribution will be printed as a "headed article," and be marked "special" on the contents-bill.

Except as they may directly affect this country, foreign politics do not now command so much attention among us as they did between the great Continental movements of 1848 and the unification of Italy and Germany respectively. Every important daily journal, however, maintains resident correspondents in each of the great European capitals, and with Paris some of their offices are directly connected by special wire. The usefulness of these agents depends on their ability to gain access to the best sources of information. They are therefore selected as well for their social acceptability, discretion, and knowledge of the world as for political capacity, and they live in daily intercourse with the first men in the capitals where they reside. Some of the best political writing and most solid information of the day is often to be found in their letters.

But a far more romantic and picturesque person than the ordinary resident correspondent purveys that kind of foreign intelligence which the public reads with most interest. This is the Special Correspondent, a descriptive writer who in time of peace makes the most he can of the splendours and solemnities of coronations, royal weddings, public entries, and other state pageantry, but who rises to the full height of his function when he has an opportunity of flashing home column after column from amidst the smoke and roar of a battle-field. On such a scene the War Special is called to display the courage and endurance of the soldier with the coolness and insight of the critical observer. He should also be scrupulously just, for it has happened to more than one of his order to mar the reputation of a general. On the day of battle he will dare everything for the sake

of commanding the best view of what is going on, and rides from one command to another to find the critical positions and watch them. The generals know him, and are sometimes indebted to him for opportune information. At the crisis of the conflict he presses forward with the victorious, and when it is decided he returns to the field to perfect his data and verify his conclusions. His long despatch, which will read so smoothly the next morning a thousand miles away, is written perhaps by the bivouac fire, or by the light of a solitary candle, much prized and long preserved, under the shelter of a hovel. When it is finished his mounted messenger should be at hand to carry it off. But in the circumstances the man is very likely to be missing, and then the correspondent must himself remount, and set out on a ride of twenty or thirty miles after the toils and privations of the day.

The last Russo-Turkish war was the most trying of any which newspaper correspondents have known. Many retired before the end of the campaign utterly broken in constitution, and others who went through it died soon after its close from the effects of extreme cold and hardships of every kind.

Next to the difficulty of writing a letter from a field of battle is the difficulty of speeding it to its destination. It is one, however, which must be overcome, for on these occasions priority is everything, and the best despatch may easily be rendered the worst for the purposes of a newspaper by a few hours' delay. Neither pains nor expense must be spared at such a time. After the battle of Ulundi, which ended the Zulu War, a special correspondent, to gain but a few hours' start, rode one night through a darkness so thick that he had to dismount repeatedly to verify by actual touch the wheel-track, which, in default of a road, was the only indication of his route. When, however, a postal or telegraphic station has been reached there may be difficulties to surmount before transmission to England can be considered certain. The newspaper letters for London which reached Bucharest from before Plevna during the memorable siege of the latter town could not be sent off direct to England because the postal and telegraphic service was under the control of the Russian military authorities, who might have delayed any one of them at a most critical juncture. To avoid all danger of this kind a private service was organised, and the letters were carried daily by couriers mounted on the small fleet horses of the country, and working in relays as far as to Brasso, a small town on this side of the Austrian frontier, whose telegraph office was thus suddenly made one of the most important in the empire, its takings reaching several thousand pounds in a week.

Nothing short of actual experience—that is to say, of paying the bills—would prepare any one not acquainted with the facts to credit the enormous cost of maintaining a body of eight or twelve special correspondents in the field, especially when, as in the Russo-Turkish campaign, two widely-distant fields have to be provided for. Under the overmastering necessity of achieving re-

sults within the least possible time, all calculations of expenditure are left far behind. When the newspapers were publishing daily ten and twelve columns of telegrams from Bucharest, the charge from Brasso to London was at the rate of four shillings and sixpence a line. This was cheap compared with four and sixpence a word, the price paid for messages from Afghanistan in the earlier stages of our war with Shere Ali.

From the agencies carried on at a greater or less distance from the newspaper office, let us return to that office itself, where every kind of contribution receives that final form in which it is presented to the public. The workers engaged at head-quarters belong to the staff of the Editor or to that of the general or foreign Sub-editor, it being understood that the responsibility of the editor for all that appears in the paper is entire. Speaking broadly, the general sub-editor (usually called the sub-editor) and his immediate assistants have to deal with what is to be placed before the public as matter of information, while the editor and his staff deal with matters of opinion and judgment. It may not be possible to draw a hard and fast line between the two classes of subjects; but practically the distinction will be found to hold good. It follows from this statement that the editorial is mainly a producing staff and writes, while the sub-editorial staff operates upon given material, such as reports, announcements, and the like. A sub-editor should be a man of great vigilance, cautious, and of a discrimination acting with the certainty and rapidity of an instinct—since, owing to the mass of matter he has to deal with in a limited time, he must decide at a first glance on the value of the things which come before him. It is his business to treat his columns as a space in which he has to compress the greatest amount and variety of interesting matter possible. Select, abridge, and condense as he may, he always has to deplore the narrowness of the bounds assigned to him, and while he endeavours fairly to adjust the claims of all readers, he knows that the men of one or two interests will inevitably believe that they have less than their share. In the details of his department the sub-editor is assisted by half a dozen or more gentlemen, who, instructed by him as to the space at their disposal, revise, retrench, and if necessary leave out the reports of law and police courts, or of public meetings, and fashion the intelligence of all kinds, which is constantly arriving from all quarters, into neat and attractive paragraphs. The foreign sub-editor performs corresponding operations on the news arriving from abroad. The letters of correspondents reach him as a rule in English, but he has to examine newspapers and documents in every European language. Telegrams are generally sent in French, and their elliptical form often makes their interpretation a veritable work of art.

The editor's staff, in strictness, includes the gentlemen who furnish the reviews and critical notices under the headings of Fine Art, Music, and Drama. Usually, however, it signifies the chief editor and half a dozen gentlemen immediately associated with him in the preparation of

the most important leading articles—those which give the paper its political complexion and character. Loosely attached or unattached writers may furnish articles from time to time, but the body of workers on whom reliance is placed is a small one. The assistant-editors are, indeed, the most valuable men employed on the journal; and, on account of the rare combination of faculties required in them, by no means easy to find. They must be able to write at a moment's notice, and under conditions which exclude all extrinsic aid on any subject that may require treatment; and they do so not only with sense, but with ease, spirit, and a wonderful wealth of illustration. Culture, which is so indispensable for such work, is by no means an adequate qualification for it. The accomplished journalist lives in and for his time, drawing in its ideas, hopes, and solicitudes as constantly and as unconsciously as his breath, and transforming them by reflection almost as spontaneous. He is never wholly surprised, because he has considered beforehand the possibilities of every situation; no fact is for him altogether new, but every event occurs as a development, and finds a place prepared for it in a well-ordered mind.

Of the assistant-editors one attends nightly the sittings of the House of Commons, and writes his articles from personal observation during the proceedings. In the lulls that occur in every debate he passes in and out, converses with members in the lobby or elsewhere, and returns as the interest of the proceedings revives. It is necessary for him not only to know what is said, but to be able to enter with full intelligence into all the unforeseen turns which the debate takes in a long sitting.

Of the editor it is not necessary to say more than that he is the soul of the paper. The resources placed at his disposal are immense, and it is for him to turn them to the best possible account. He may be a first-rate writer and yet seldom be able to get time to pen an article; but he must inform the journal by his spirit, actuate it by his power, and control it by his authority. It is essential that he should understand two things—his time, and the public to which he has to explain its aspects and events. If he knows only the first, his paper will be neglected as pedantic and dull; if he cares only for the second, he will be a charlatan. If, understanding the character of his countrymen and able to sympathise with it on the whole, even when its virtues are exaggerated into defects, he serves it with intelligence and fidelity, he has a vocation which is second to none in usefulness and honour.

We now pass from the personal organisation of the journal to follow very rapidly the operations of a working day. The first person to feel the touch of the office will be the extra-parliamentary reporter, who will receive his instructions, if not by the first post, by ten o'clock, or in their absence will be entitled to treat the day as his own. During the first part of the day the editorial rooms, so bright and lively in the small hours of the morning, are vacant and silent. The business manager and the cashier are, however, in their

offices, and all day long parcels and letters are being delivered, and material is accumulating to be operated on in the evening. By twelve or one o'clock the editor will be ready for work, and will receive from his secretary such of the letters addressed to him as may require his personal attention, a number large enough to make considerable demands on his time, although a small percentage of the whole. Besides these he will receive parliamentary papers and other public documents, and all kinds of compositions submitted for his acceptance. His first concern will be to take, so to speak, the measure of the day, or rather of the next day, as determined by that, for it is of the first consequence to a newspaper that its conductors and the world should be thinking about the same things. By three o'clock the editor will be due at the office, there to meet those of his leader-writers for whom it may then be possible to provide topics, generally of a light and optional character, without waiting until the evening. This done, it will be for him to make as much use as possible of the time remaining before nightwork begins. All the hours he can get he will employ in strengthening his grasp of the inner movements of political life.

In these days the editor of a first-class newspaper is not an ingenious speculator on events known at second hand, but is in the full current of public life. The best men of either party profess their desire to be useful to him, and no small part of his skill is shown in keeping up the most extensive relations with leading men without compromising the independence of his journal. He does not, however, depend on the friendliness of any one for the knowledge sufficient for his guidance. Political information, early and sound, he must have, and from the opposed camps, and accordingly he takes care to have it. Forty years ago editors may have pretended to more knowledge than they possessed; now they occasionally find it convenient to dissemble the very certainties on which they proceed.

To return to the office. Soon after six in the evening the sub-editors arrive, and begin to work upon the piles of manuscript and printed matter which await them there. The printer is pressing them for "copy," for his hands are waiting; but they must proceed cautiously, or they will choke space which will be sorely wanted later on. Now the reporters in Parliament and out of doors begin to send up their first manuscripts; and if these and those reports as to which there is no option do not suffice to keep the printers going, a column or two of literary reviews may be given to them, since these last, if found in excess when the paper is made up, can be held over. By ten the Editor and his assistants will be at their posts, and now a serious consultation is held, for the topics of the principal leaders must be decided on without delay. Such a choice has been deferred until the latest possible moment for good reasons. Had it been made before all the data which foreign and domestic telegrams, private notes from "Whips," confidential intimations from political friends, and the explorations of trusted social agents could yield had been realised, it might be liable to reversal

when all the arrangements based on it were in operation. As it is, the late delivery of a Blue-book, the publication of an Extraordinary "Gazette," or a telegram announcing that a favourite regiment has lost heavily in South Africa, will upset the operations of the editor's room just when such disturbance is most inconvenient. Sometimes those operations must commence before all the material necessary for them is in hand. An eminent statesman is speaking at Edinburgh, Liverpool, or Manchester, and in London his speech is being delivered by the telegraph-boys by instalments. In such a case the leader-writer will be busy on the earlier part of the speech while the orator is constructing his later sentences.

By a quarter-past ten o'clock the leader-writers will have addressed themselves to their tasks, and before they have nearly finished their articles the earlier paragraphs will have been handed to them in proof for correction. By about eleven the chief printer makes his appearance in the editor's room with his "statement," a schedule of the titles and length in columns of the articles he has received, showing the foreseen result that the paper is overcrowded. Proofs are now coming down very fast, and must be dealt with rapidly and returned. By half-past twelve the fourth page, that which is at the reader's left-hand when he opens the paper out, must be closed up, locked in its iron frame, and

sent into the foundry to be stereotyped. There it is laid upon a hollow plate of iron through which the flame of a furnace is passing, to be washed, brushed, and dried. A sheet of strong papier-maché, well moistened, is now laid over the page of type, and beaten into its surface until it has taken its exact impression, and stiffening rapidly with the heat, is ready to serve as a matrix. The paper mould is then placed in a frame and molten type-metal poured over it, and thus a page which can be printed from is cast. Each of the eight pages of type, as it is made up, is thus treated. The process increases the immediate cost of printing, but the number of copies thrown off every morning from the machines is so large that if stereotype plates were not used, a costly set, or "fount," of type would be defaced every few months. The fifth page is the second to be sent to the foundry, and the inner pages are kept open longest. By about two the last paragraph is dropped into the last open column, and such as it has been made, with its merits and defects, the morning's paper must go before the world.

Such in their broad features are the methods by which the newspaper is made. If the reader can approve of the product let him at times bestow a thought on those who toil and watch while he sleeps. If its shortcomings, or even its positive faults, more impress him, let him remember that such as the public is, so in the long run will its newspapers be.

An English Lane.



How many an Englishman
beyond the seas,
Looking upon some
landscape rich and
strange,
Has sickened for the fair
green English leas,
Where once he
used to range !

Perhaps where sluggish rivers
find a way
Through the thick jungle,
where no breeze can pass,
Or where the west wind, blowing strong
all day,
Bows the tall prairie grass ;

Or where the endless waste of tawny sand
Mocks with its lying waves the wanderer's eye,
And phantom palms that only seem to stand
Against the brazen sky ;

Or where all night, above the sleeping deep,
Sails on broad wings the sleeping albatross ;
Or where Australian shepherds watch their sheep
Beneath the Southern Cross ;

Or where slim minarets are mirrored fair
In the clear waters of the sacred pool,
And o'er the reeking plain the evening air
From snow-capt peaks blows cool ;

Or where the traveller, on the Appian Way,
Greets from afar Saint Peter's mighty dome,
While swift the crimson sunset fades to gray
Behind the walls of Rome :

These things all vanish, and he sees arise,
As in a vision, that old winding lane,
The shadowing elms, the blue of English skies,
And hears the lark's glad strain.

He knows which way the shadows fall each hour—
Oft has he watched the sheep there seek the shade—
Across the fields he sees the gray church-tower,
Where all his fathers prayed.

Their names are writ upon the churchyard-stones ;
Week after week beside their graves he trod—
But none shall read *his* name there, and his bones
Far off must rest in God.

The vision fades—he is beyond the seas—
Wider horizons round him spread—but yet
His heart must ache sometimes for those green leas
He never can forget.

MARY A. M. HOPPUS.

LAWYERS AND THEIR HAUNTS.

BY J. CORDY JEAFFRESON.

I.—NEW LAW COURTS.

WHATEVER the future may have in store for us, the reign of Queen Victoria will stand forth in the annals of the Law as a period of change. Fruitful of new law, it has been no less fruitful of new arrangements for the followers of the law.

Extinguishing the old Prerogative Court, and driving the Admiralty lawyers to Westminster, it has created the brand new "Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Court." Abolishing Doctors' Commons, it discharged the proctors with handsome pensions for past misbehaviour, dispersed the advocates, carted the wills to Somerset House, allowed the civilians to sell the site of their old college in Knight-riding Street, and pulled down the Chamber of Justice, in which Charles Dickens in his boyhood was a reporter for the press, and Sir Herbert Jenner Fust (clear of brain, though crippled with gout) used to deliver good judgments, when two stalwart footmen had conveyed him from his bath-chair to the judgment-seat. It has called into existence a system of education for barristers no less efficient and suited to the requirements of the times than the system that prevailed when Coke was a stripling and Francis Bacon was doubtful whether he should ever do much at the bar. It has given us County Courts, where the merchants and tradesmen of our provincial towns get good justice and cheap justice without travelling a mile from their places of business. It has placed stipendiary magistrates in most of our great towns. After standing over the grave of the Serjeants, it put their Inn up to public auction. It has relieved simple folk of their ancient enemies by converting "those pestilent attorneys" into solicitors of the Supreme Court of Judicature. It has modified and harmonised the Equity Courts and the Courts of Common Law into Divisions of the same Supreme Court. Bringing the judges and barristers and solicitors of supreme quality and the solicitors' clerks of no quality at all, with all their wigs and bags and wise faces, from Westminster to the verge of what still remains "the City," the Victorian age has planted them in the New Law Courts, which are at length open for public view and use; whilst judges who hoped to raise their voices in the new Palace of Justice are silent for ever, and the architect who designed and raised and almost finished the stately pile is resting in his grave, hard by "the Hall" which the lawyers, after wrangling in it for more than six centuries, have quitted—at last and for ever.

To say that all this has been done in the reign of the sovereign who may still be hoped to rule over us for another quarter of a century, is to create an impression that the lawyers are the readiest, not to say the most passionate, reformers

of the current time. Yet there are grounds for the opinion that innovation is, perhaps, more distasteful to the followers of the law than to any other class of men, having abundant and substantial reasons for contentment with the existing order of things. Indeed, it is amusing to reflect with how little favour these changes have been regarded by the general body of the profession, whose chiefs were chiefly influential in bringing them to pass. To remember how sagacious and strong-headed lawyers decried the first proposals for most of the salutary changes, and even questioned the convenience of having the New Courts so close to Chancery Lane, is to suspect that the strenuous study of the law is no effectual preservative against perversity of thought and speech.

The improvements of a great and growing city are necessarily attended with incidents that are regarded by every sympathetic and liberal mind as changes for the worse rather than as changes for the better. Whilst builders in the outskirts make hideous havoc with brave trees and picturesque lanes, builders in the central quarters play no less rudely with the historic associations that are unspeakably precious to persons who, living more in the past than the present, value the ancient city of their birth or habitual residence less for what *it is* in its brightest and most fashionable districts than for what *it was* in its dingiest and most dilapidated quarters. It caused Charles Lamb something of regretful annoyance to see the lawyers move from their narrow courts under William Rufus's roof to the larger chambers built for their accommodation outside the Hall. He would have felt heavier and keener trouble at foreseeing the near future, when Doctors' Commons would lose its doctors and proctors and white-aproned touters, its musty will office and tranquil college and quaintly fitted court-house. He would have shuddered and groaned to know how soon the Templars would cease to go daily, by boat or coach, by the river or the Strand, to and fro Westminster Hall. And there are men amongst us, with enough of Elia's fondness for old fashions and practices, to experience considerable discomfort at the disturbance and disappearance of old associations, that will result from the removal of the Courts of Law. From the certain date (1215 A.D.) when the Common Pleas was fixed in its *certain* corner just within the north entrance of Westminster Hall, the uncertain time of the same century when the Chancellor's marble chair and table were first placed on the higher level at the other end of the vast chamber, and the much later time (temp. Edward III) when the Court of King's Bench established itself by the side of the chancellor's place of audience, the greatness and

the glory of the law have been so intimately associated with the grandeur and fortunes of the Hall, that it has been and still is difficult to meditate on the one without thinking of the other. To recall any one of our historic lawyers is to remember the scene of his chief triumphs. For ages "Westminster" and "the Hall" have been synonymous for the "legal profession" and the "lawyer's career." The student "bred to the law" has been a student "taking notes at Westminster." Instead of saying that a barrister found employment and fees, and grew in favour with attorneys, it has been the fashion of biographers to speak of him as "rising at Westminster." When the *rising* man has *risen*, he is described in the biographies as "powerful at Westminster," or "leading in the Hall." Good judges have done "the Hall honour," corrupt ones have been the "scandal of Westminster." Serjeants of ill repute were "lightly regarded in the Hall." To fail at the bar was to be "unknown at Westminster." To mount to the highest places of the law was "to achieve eminence in Westminster Hall." Even yesterday this use of "Westminster" and "the Hall" was current in talk and literature about the counsel practising there. Such references to Westminster will now drop from the books and gossip of lawyers. Barristers will wrangle in the New Courts as they have wrangled in the buildings that will soon fall before the pickaxes of destructive workmen; but Westminster will hear nothing of their wordy wars. Already the younger readers of one of Charles Dickens's stories require editorial explanation of the passages relating to Doctors' Commons. Three hundred years hence the multitude will know even less of the Law Courts of Westminster Hall than antiquaries of the present day know of the serjeants-at-law who in Chaucer's London used to stand at their pillars in "St. Paul's parvis," and sell legal opinions to passers-by as openly as any orange-girls of the Victorian town sell oranges in the public ways.

From the days of Elizabeth to the time of Anne cousins from the country visiting their cousins in London during law terms were taken as a matter of course to see the judges in Westminster Hall, and watch the humours of the motley throng that gathered about each of the three courts, and the humours of the gayer and noisier crowd that moved to and fro, with hum and hubbub, much saucy banter, and many a loudly uttered jest, between the north door, where the Common Pleas had its "certain place" in the north-west angle of the Hall, to the steps mounting to the higher level, where the Lord Chancellor, presiding over his court in the south-west angle, and the Chief Justice, presiding over his court in the south-east angle, commanded a perfect view of as brisk and animating a scene as could have been found under the cover of a single roof in the whole world. Open to view from every point of the Hall's area, the courts were separated from the body of the building by no other fence than the low hoardings that would have been no effective barrier against a mob making an ugly rush on the seats of justice. The long walls to right and left were profusely decorated with martial banners;

and when the rustic sightseer lost his purse in the Hall, the theft was usually perpetrated at a moment when in the delight of banner-gazing he had dismissed all thought for the safety of his pockets. The eastern wall was a bazaar of shops—milliners' stalls, with a few book-stalls amongst them—where smart seamstresses offered turnovers and ruffles, lawn-bands and laced falls, to young barristers, who were not easily satisfied about the fashion and price of the wares submitted to their inspection. Tracts and volumes, precious to the black-letter lawyers of later generations, could be bought at the book-stalls, but a brisker trade was done in fresh copies of the new play, the newest poem, and the latest satire on human folly. If he turned faint from the heat of the densely crowded hall, the country cousin would get the needful glass, and pick up some amusing acquaintances at any of the three taprooms that, under names no less piquant than profane, carried on a lively business in strong drinks at convenient corners of the bazaar; or he could shoulder his way through the merry crowd of gallants and rufflers, Templars and country squires, yeomen and cut-purses, gallants and court ladies, porters and louts, back to Palace Yard, where he could smoke a pipe and drink a pottle of Madeira or a pint of Rhenish wine at the Old Exchequer Coffee-House.

The noise of the Hall was not seldom heightened by quarrels, that passed from high words to strong blows, or (when the disputants were gentlemen of quality) to significant tapplings on sword-hilts, and sometimes—to the dishonour, or may be to the honour, of the bar—it must be recorded that the gentlemen of the long robe found the tongue no sufficient instrument for expressing their fiercer emotions. For there were times when the two ends of the Hall differed so vehemently on points of law and professional etiquette that the barristers of the Court of King's Bench were on the very worst of speaking terms with the serjeants of the Common Pleas. There were also times when, in the keen competition for fees, so necessary to judges living bravely on comically insufficient salaries, the chiefs of the rival Courts of Common Law had recourse to curiously sharp practices against one another. One of these occasions of judicial strife occurred in Charles the Second's time, when by a crafty addition of three little words to his writ of "*latitat*" the Chief Justice of the King's Bench tricked the Common Pleas of almost all civil actions, to the lively anger of Chief Justice North, who, to save himself and his serjeants from starvation, made a still craftier addition of *two* little words to his writ of "*clausum fregit*." There were also times when the barristers of a court put their learned heads together in mutiny against their supreme judge, as on the occasion of the famous Dumb Day "*strike*" of the serjeants against the tyranny of the same Chief Justice, who had previously done them such signal service by his ingenious manipulation of his "*clausum fregits*." And when bar contended with bar, or judge with judge, or counsellors-in-league with their Chief Justice in this equally piquant and indecorous fashion, the life of "the Hall" was unusually animating—alike to the



THE NEW LAW COURTS.

lawyers of three courts sitting within sight of one another, who could fully appreciate all the fine technical points of the dispute, and to the unlearned multitude, who, chuckling over the quarrel they could not comprehend, made much play out of the old proverb concerning the good that comes to honest men when knaves differ amongst themselves. The talk of "the Hall" went merrily when the serjeants of the Common Pleas failed to induce their Chief Justice to move his court from the corner of the Hall, where they suffered fearfully from the north winds, into the Treasury Chamber, where they would be as comfortably placed as the judges and lawyers of the Exchequer Court, who from time immemorial had sat in the cosy Exchequer Chamber instead of the cold Hall. As the chamber was hard by their court, and a passage could be easily constructed from the Hall to the chamber, so as to make the latter for all practical purposes a part of the former, the serjeants, all suffering in a greater or less degree from cold of the head, implored that their court might be moved just a few yards from its ancient and perilous site. But Chief Justice Bridgeman would not, might not, and therefore could not, consent. Did not Magna Charta require that the Common Pleas should be held in a *certain place*? If the Common Pleas were moved even by so little as an inch from its present place, what certainty would there be that it would continue there? If it were moved an inch to-day, it might be moved a mile to-morrow, and a hundred miles before the end of next month. The serjeants urged that so long as the Common Pleas were held in Westminster they would be held in accordance with Magna Charta. The Chief Justice thought otherwise, and the serjeants continued to suffer from rheumatism and bronchitis and cold of the head in their certain north-west corner, until a Chief Justice of a more liberal mind and lenient nature moved the court several yards from the door, still keeping it within the four walls of the Hall.

The spirit of innovation is never satiated with novelty. The next change was to raise the wooden fences of the three courts by several yards and cover them with glass for the admission of the light. It was in one of these queer, inadequate, sky-lit cabins that young John Campbell heard the trial of Hadfield for shooting at George III in the first year of the present century. "The place," the Lord Chancellor wrote, long afterwards, "where the trial was going on was a small room, enclosed from the open space of the south-east angle, and here were crowded together the judges, the jury, the counsel, the attorneys, and the reporters, with little accommodation for the bystanders." The next change was to build the courts outside the Hall, in one of which John Campbell presided as Lord Chief Justice of England, and to give the Chancery lawyers sufficient courts in Lincoln's Inn. And now has come the greatest change—the removal of the courts—Magna Charta and Chief Justice Bridgeman notwithstanding—from their long certain place at Westminster Hall to their present not uncertain place at the east end of the Strand.

In olden time, at the opening of each term, the judges were received in Westminster Hall by the serjeants in the presence of a gay and mighty crowd. Standing in single file before their court at the Hall's entrance, with their faces towards the milliners' and booksellers' shops along the east wall, the serjeants awaited the arrival of the judges, who came together to the Hall from the Chancellor's residence in cavalcade or in a long procession of stately coaches. Alighting at the north door, the judges passed to their places in the Hall, with due regard to order of precedence; first the Lord Chancellor and his officers, then the Justices and officers of the King's Bench, then the Justices of the Common Pleas, and lastly the Barons of the Exchequer. At the entrance there was much shaking of hands, for, as the judges moved slowly before the serjeants learned in the law, etiquette required that each judge should take each serjeant by the hand and say, "How d'ye do, brother? I wish you a good term." To witness this interesting ceremony people flocked at an early hour from every quarter of the town, and on their way from the Chancellor's house to the Hall the chiefs of the law moved through streets gay with gaudy banners and scarlet bunting, and through jubilant and loudly-cheering crowds. Thus it was that Wolsey, ever delighting in display, clad in fine scarlet or crimson, with a round pillion on his head and a tippet of fine sables about his neck, rode daily throughout each term from his palace to "the Hall," sitting on the back of a superb mule, gorgeous with housings of crimson velvet, guarded by footmen with gilt poleaxes in their hands, and followed by a train of mounted nobles and men of knightly rank. Thus it was that Lord Chancellor Hatton on the first morning of term rode between Lords Burghley and Leicester from his fair garden in Ely Place to Westminster, at the head of the long cavalcade of judges and high official personages who had just risen from the wines and viands of his lavish table. With even brighter pomp and more impressive splendour, Francis Bacon, dressed—as he had dressed himself on his wedding day—in purple satin, rode, on May 7th, 1617, from Gray's Inn to Westminster Hall with all the lords of the Queen's household, and the entire body of Prince Charles's followers, swelling the force and adding to the magnificence of his proper retinue. After growing in grandeur and ostentatious brilliance throughout the reign of James I and the earlier of his son's regnal years, the terminal cavalcades of the lawyers became less scenic and impressive (as the fatal troubles thickened about Charles's waning fortunes), till they dropped into desuetude when the Puritans came into office. The Restoration, however, was attended with a revival of the periodic processions of mounted lawyers. On October 23rd, 1660—the first day of term—young Sam Pepys saw with delighted eyes the spectacle of the Lord Chancellor (Hyde) and all the judges riding on horseback to Westminster Hall. But the spectacle that afforded the diarist so much gratification was not repeated often for the entertainment of Caroline Londoners. When Hyde's revival of the ancient practice had been

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maintained for five years, to the serious discomfort and open dis-pleasure of lawvers who could manage a heavy cause better than a hard-mouthed horse, the modern cavalcade on wheels was substituted for the cavalcade of lawyers sitting—some of them sitting very insecurely—on mettlesome steeds.

Since 1665 the only attempt to renew a custom, extremely inconvenient and perilous to persons whose safety and convenience were entitled to consideration, occurred in 1673, when Shaftesbury became the Keeper of Charles II's great seal and small conscience. Alarm and dismay seized many a learned denizen of the Inns of Court, when it was announced that, in his desire to show himself a good horseman since circumstances required him to show himself a bad lawyer, the Chancellor was bent on *riding*, like the Chancellors of former time, to Westminster Hall on the first day of term, and that he would take it as an affront if any judge or other lawyer of high degree should fail to figure in the cavalcade. For a few days, lawyers neglected their books and clients, so as to qualify themselves for the ordeal of the opening day. Some hastened to the riding-schools for lessons and practice in equitation. Others, who could sit a quiet nag with dignity, went from stable to stable in search of a stout saddle-horse, warranted in every respect a proper animal for an elderly gentleman. It was whispered about the town that the Chancellor's frolic would be death or broken bones to more than one dignitary of the law. But the Lord Chancellor's "levity and ill-judged action," as Roger North ventured to de-

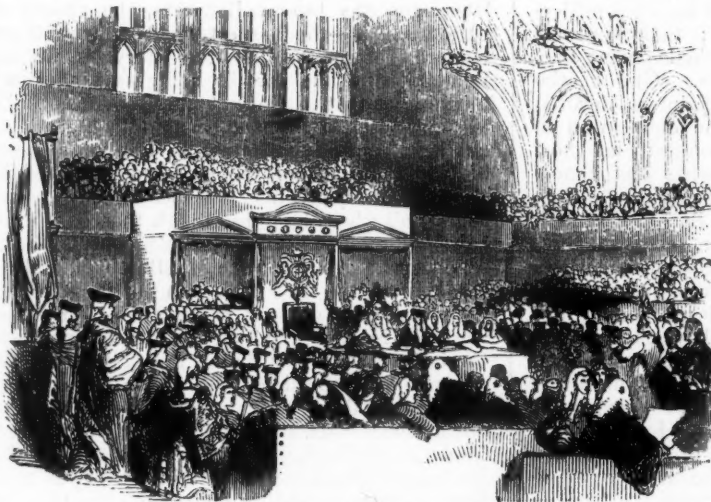
for the equestrians or better for the spectators than the misadventure of poor Judge Twisden,



WESTMINSTER HALL IN THE 18TH CENTURY.

who, to the amusement of the foot guard keeping the way, and to the delight of gentle folk sitting at the windows of the thoroughfare, was pitched over the ears of his restive horse into the dirt of a muddy kennel. Another great lawyer of Twisden's period to come to grief in a cavalcade of ceremony was Serjeant Glynne, the famous lawyer whose learning and parsimony made the fine Welsh estate that has passed through a long line of his descendants to our present premier. Glynne, in his character of one of the King's serjeants-at-law, was riding in cavalcade by the side of his learned brother, Serjeant Maynard, on the occasion of Charles II's coronation, when his horse threw him, and fell upon him, to the lively gratification of the mob, whose only regret was that the other politician and turncoat (Maynard) had not been brought to the ground also.

Neither Glynne nor Twisden suffered so much in body from these tumbles as Francis North (Lord Keeper Guildford) suffered in temper from the ride he *didn't* take on the back of the rhinoceros that was sold in 1684 for £2,000 (near £10,000 of modern money), after throwing all London into a state of qualified lunacy, even as the big elephant Jumbo only the other day threw all England into a similar condition of mental disturbance. Never before in England's story had so marvellous a creature as this rhinoceros visited her shores. Ladies raved, savants lectured, actors sung, wits jested about the incomparable beast. Poets honoured her (the animal was



THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

signate the revival, passed off with nothing worse | a female) with poems, young children were

christened after her, epicures sent her barrels of oysters and gallons of the best turtle soup. She was very swift of foot; she could fly; she could sing; she was in communication with the spirits, and could foretell future events. She knew the alphabet and could cast accounts. She was the unicorn of heraldic science, was nearly related to the Egyptian crocodile, and was born in one of the West Indian Islands. She shed tears at the sound of pathetic music, and overflowed with affection for her keeper. This wonderful and truly edifying creature had been in London only a few days, when Sir Dudley North (himself a Turkey merchant, and the most intimate friend of the particular Turkey merchant who had imported this last and largest marvel of the universe) invited his brother, the Lord Keeper, to come and look at the rhinoceros and crack a bottle with the Turkey merchant who owned her. The Lord Keeper went, saw the sight, cracked the bottle, and returned to his stately house in Queen Street (whither he had carried the great seal from his former abode in Chancery Lane) in time to discover it was already the talk of the western quarters of "the town," that he had been riding the rhinoceros openly about the streets of "the City," to the astonishment and scandal of all sedate observers of his indecorous behaviour. Callous to scorn, the servile lawyer writhed under ridicule like a hound under the lash. The story exasperated him all the more because he knew it was the humorous invention of the knot of courtiers who

were busying themselves to make him ludicrous at Whitehall, so that he could be the more easily pushed from his official perch. Even as he ate his dinner after returning from the City, lords and courtiers hurried in upon him from Whitehall to learn from his own lips whether he had really been so careless of his own dignity and his sovereign's honour as to ride about town on the singing rhinoceros. No wonder the Lord Keeper was "roiled extremely" at being thought capable of such "childish levity." He would rather have been thrown in the mud, like Glynne or Twisden, from the back of a bucking horse under the very windows of Whitehall, than get such a scurvy tumble from the rhinoceros he had never mounted.

Since Shaftesbury, whose motive for the revival was probably malice against the lawyers who had styled him the law-less Chancellor, no Keeper of the seals has ventured to invite the judges and senior bar to attend him to Westminster on fiery barbs. The procession on wheels from the Lord Chancellor's breakfast to Westminster Hall has long been the solitary survival of the lawyers' cavalcades that for centuries contributed no little to the animation of the capital. Chancellors will doubtless continue to entertain the chiefs of the law on the first day of Michaelmas Term; and the processions on wheels will continue to remind antiquaries of the statelier processions on horseback. But henceforth, instead of rolling towards Westminster Hall, the carriages will move in line to the east end of the Strand.

CONCERNING CATS.

I.

LITERATURE has been ungrateful to cats. Of our two most important domestic animals, dogs appear to have run away with all the honour and all the interest. Dogs have a considerable place in charming fictions; their laureates are among our most distinguished poets; they have had voluminous historians. One of the most distinguished of English painters devoted his easel almost entirely to the delineation of their varieties; one of the strongest and most delightful of our modern essayists has almost suspended his fame on immortalising the dogs he has known. Sir Walter Scott, Burns, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Byron, Bulwer, Jesse, Dickens, Edwin Landseer, "Subsecivæ" Brown—such and so various are the courtiers of dogs, and the poor cat is left out in the cold! Neither Tommy nor Tabby has any such names as we have cited among their devotees. We purpose to attempt to do some justice to our neglected friends. It is not unworthy of notice that while the material for this paper has accumulated beneath our hand, we have scarcely turned to a page for the purpose of doing justice to poor neglected pussy but the story of some dog has come, like an impudent spectre, barking and wagging his tail, seeking to drown the purrings of the pleasant friend so faithful to the fireside

Certainly, this ungrateful disregard of the claims of our household friend is not universal. Probably one of the dryest pieces of human stuff in these later ages was Jeremy Bentham, the apostle of Utilitarianism—the hardest head among all our modern reformers—but the story of Jeremy Bentham and his cats is really as tender and touching as that of Cowper and his hares. Childless and wifeless, the man, in middle life and in old age, lived in his house in London amongst his vast piles of books, occasionally visited by adoring disciples, his presence rudely barred against all whom he did not wish to see, as when Lovel Edgeworth sent up his card with the message that he desired to see Mr. Bentham, and old Jeremy sent the card back with the message that "Mr. Bentham did not desire to see Mr. Edgeworth." Madame de Stael sought an interview. We believe, in this instance, the gallantry of the old man was stirred to write down the message delivered to the servant to be given to madame downstairs: "Mr. Bentham has nothing to say to Madame de Stael, and he is quite certain that Madame de Stael can have nothing to say to him." But this grim custodian of future ages, who has had perhaps more influence on English law and English Acts of Parliament than any number of law-makers and Houses of Lords and Commons

in our day, poured forth all the affluence of his affection on his favourite pussy-cats, who were his constant companions, and who never received such discourteous snubbings as Lovel Edgeworth or Madame de Stael. Writing of his friendship with the great and lamented Sir Samuel Romilly, he says: "Romilly kept a noble puss before he came into great business. Our love for pussies was our bond of union—our mutual respect for animals. We were fond of mice and fond of cats; it was difficult to reconcile the two affections."

The old man—in whom, perhaps, most would be unable to see a vein of humanity or a single flake of poetry or tenderness, singular old hermit that he was—made the things of his household creatures and creations of his own. There was "Dapple," his honoured walking-stick—when men like Brougham or Bowring became his honoured and unflinching disciples he laid "Dapple" on their shoulders and made them knights of the Utilitarian faith. There was "Dicky," his sacred teapot, regularly set upon the lamp to sing. But chief of all the important personages of his household were his favourite pussies. To the most distinguished of them he gave the name of "Langbourne"—at first he was called "John Langbourne." Bentham boasted that he had made a man of him; and as he got older, and seemed on some occasions to behave very well, Bentham put him into the church, and at the time he died he was the "Reverend Doctor John Langbourne." Is there not something pathetic and affecting in the old affectionless hermit playing with his fancies in this manner amidst his dry, monotonous studies? Men stop up the flow of their natural affections, and so they are compelled to vindicate themselves in a regard to dumb animals. Bentham had a great respect for most four-footed creatures. He stopped once to fondle and say some tender things to a donkey, and on another occasion to pat a pleasant-looking pig; but his household pussies were the objects of his most faithful regards.

Some of our readers who are prejudiced against cats will very likely heartlessly wonder and inquire whether Bentham's cats were as unselfishly devoted to him as he was to them, for there is a prejudice against cats—there is an unkind suspicion abroad that they are incapable of personal attachments. We hope in the course of this paper to rebut the calumny, and thus to vindicate the tainted honour of the cat. The good and great Charles Spurgeon has had a great many sayings attributed to him of an odd kind which ought not to be scored to his credit, but we believe there is no doubt that some years ago he did divide professors in the Christian world into three classes: first, the dogmatical; second, the catmatical; and, third, those who were neither one nor the other: meaning by the first those who, as a dog is attached to its master, are attached to a particular preacher, and follow him whithersoever he goeth; meaning by the second those who are attached to a place—a particular building—as a cat is attached to a house; and meaning by the third the large class of the indifferent—formalists, who are incapable of any affection either for a man or a building. One of

the most amiable characteristics among many exceedingly unamiable is this of the attachment of the cat to its old home, and many stories tell of some wonderful instinct by which it has found its way back when exiled from the old habitation. Mr. Ross, in his interesting "Book of Cats"—a book very full and entertaining, but from which we shall not permit ourselves to take more than one or two illustrations—instances from a clergyman in Norfolk, near Bungay, the case of a cat who had been sentenced to transportation for life for certain depredations committed on the larder. The sentence was pronounced, but its execution was difficult. First, she appears to have been received at Bungay, six miles distant from the vicarage, but from this place she found her way back the next day, and a thought was entertained of restoring her to favour. Her felonious—or felineous, which is much the same thing—disposition, however, was in no way reformed, and her reverend master determined now, he said, that she should be sent to a distance which she could not retrace in a hurry. She was sent to Fakenham, a distance of forty miles. She was carried away in a bag that she might have no knowledge of the way home. She was deposited safely at Fakenham, and on the evening of the next day she was heard mewing at the old vicarage door. As the mewing was not a very rare occurrence, and it was not supposed that the culprit could have returned, the door was not opened, but the next morning poor puss was found, instead of being forty miles away, lying worn out, her feet cut and blistered with the hardness of the road, and her silky coat clotted with dust and dirt. She had her reward, however, for after this the worthy vicar declared, whatever her thievish propensities might be, she should not be again banished from the larder she loved so well, for as to any deeper moral principle in pussy, we do not believe in it.

Some of the most difficult questions referring to the vexatious discussion on instinct receive illustration from the stories of cats. Archbishop Whately, in a very interesting paper on Instinct, which, we believe, has not found a place in either of his larger works, gives an instance from one of his own family cats. "This cat," says he, "lived many years in my mother's family, and its feats of sagacity were witnessed by her, my sisters, and myself. It was known, not merely once or twice, but habitually, to ring the parlour bell when it wished the door to be opened. Some alarm was excited on the first occasion on which it turned bell-ringer. Our family had retired to rest, and in the middle of the night the parlour bell was rung violently. We sleepers were all startled from our repose, proceeded downstairs with pokers and tongs to interrupt, as we supposed, the predatory movements of some burglars, but we were agreeably surprised to discover that the bell had been rung by pussy." She appears to have been inadvertently left in the household room; she desired to quit, and so adopted this very natural expedient; and the archbishop says she frequently repeated the act whenever she wanted to get out of the parlour.

A writer in an old volume of "The Zoologist"

says: "Passing by the back window of a neighbour's house a short time since, I saw a favourite



RINGING FOR THE DOOR TO BE OPENED.

tom-cat seated on a table near the window, beside a narrow-necked cream-jug containing cream. No person was in the kitchen. He was smelling at the cream, and endeavouring to reach it with his tongue, but could not. At last he inserted one of his fore-paws and withdrew it, the fur saturated with milk. After he had licked it clean he dipped again, and kept repeating the process as long as I remained observing him, which I did for several minutes, and then left him to his employment, for I thought he well deserved his reward for his ingenuity." This looks very much like a premium upon clever thieving, and would scarcely be a safe principle for adoption in more general society.

It appears that the lives of cats are full of instances like these, and they have given to poor pussy, unfortunately, a bad reputation, despite of her innocent, most peaceful, and most meditative appearance, as she slumberously purrs on the hearthrug by the fireside. She has not only a character for felony, but has been supposed, from time immemorial, to have dealings with the invisible world, and especially with the worst characters there. The cat, whatever its character during the day, has been supposed only to use that as an outward and visible sign, or veil, concealing its dark and unhallowed enterprises and transactions during the night. Sir Walter Scott was a man of strong, healthy common-sense—if ever there were such a man—but he was frightened by a cat. When he was a young man he went to see that curious and ill-conditioned piece of human nature, the Black Dwarf, "bowed Davie Ritchie," in his den, a gloomy bit of a hut. After they had sat together a little while, the dwarf, glaring at Scott, said, "Man, ha' ye ony poo'r?" Meaning by this, of course, supernatural power.

Scott disclaimed any gift of this sort. The dwarf stretched his finger out to a corner, where, for the first time, Scott became aware that a green-eyed black grimalkin was sitting, and intently glaring at him. As the dwarf extended his finger to the cat, he said to Scott, "He has poo'r;" and, ridiculous as the instance seems, Scott declares that a strange feeling of awe and terror crept over him as he sat between the green eyes of the cat on one side, and the finger and the voice of the Black Dwarf on the other.

And if our readers are surprised that so sensible a man as the great Sir Walter was susceptible to such an infection, we must say that the influence of the cat has sometimes moved, very strangely, characters who might have seemed to be even much more remote from such influences than the poetic temperament of the great Northern Wizard—Napoleon, for instance, the great self-possessed master of mighty battle-fields, who could ride with unmoved nerve while shot and shell were tearing up the earth round about him. After the battle of Wagram, when he with his suite occupied the palace of Schonbrunn, one of his aides-de-camp was proceeding to rest, very late at night, Napoleon having retired much earlier; passing the door of his great captain's apartment, he heard within a scuffling, and singular noises, and repeated calls from the emperor. Rushing in, probably expecting some conspiracy, possibly a murder scene, he saw the great soldier of the age half-undressed, thick beads of perspiration dropping from his forehead, his drawn sword in his hand, with which he was making lunges through the dark at an invisible enemy; and all this "much ado about nothing" was caused by a poor innocent cat, who had somehow secreted herself in the bed-chamber. History pauses here. We know not whether in the fray she nimbly escaped, but we fear it is more probable that, beneath the passion of the mad victor, her days were numbered. With similar stories of this singular antipathy to cats, we could certainly fill out all the columns we can spare for the entire paper—antipathy to cats, we say, we might as well say antipathy of cats, for it is frequently mutual. We had a friend, a physician eminent in his power over insanity, but a cat was to him a singular and morbid aversion; and cats had an equally singular and morbid aversion to him; and if one ever found itself in his presence, the back rose, every particular hair stood on end, and the snake-like hissing breath instantly expressed its antagonism.

Poor pussy! We come back to the cat by the fire, the title, by-the-by, of a very pleasant paper by Leigh Hunt, in the "Seer." This essayist indulges in none of the wicked stories we have recited; he sees the cat only in amiable relations; he vindicates his household companion; he exclaims, "But cats resemble tigers? They are tigers in miniature? Well, very pretty miniatures they are. And what has the tiger himself done that he has not a right to his dinner as well as Jones? Deprive Jones of his dinner for a day or two, and see what a state he will be in; especially if he is by nature irascible." And then he pro-

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ceeds to an exposition of those pensive aspects from which the cat seems to be an essential element of the poetry of the fireside, where, in the pleasant line of John Clare,

"The cat cleans her face with a look of delight."

Then, again, how profound the contemplation with which she lies brooding there; of what is the old cat thinking? Of the saucer of milk? of the thump she got yesterday? or of the assignation upon the tiles to-night?

We said, in our opening words, that the cat had not often been the subject of poetry; the finest exception we know to this is in an almost unknown but really fine old Scotch song, which we have never seen in print but once, and that forty-five years since—the "Song of the Cat." If it were not so long, we would certainly quote it here. The burden of the song, "Three threeds an' a thrum, three threeds an' a thrum," is the translation given by the Scotch to the sound of the cat's purring, from the similitude which exists between it and the burring of the spinning-wheel, to which "three threeds an' a thrum" evidently refers; it is called "Auld Baudron's Sang of a Scotch Ingleside." "Baudron," we must inform our readers, is the Scotch kindly designation for cat; and this song—which we are amazed has never found its way into any collection of Scotch minstrelsy with which we are acquainted—is the soliloquy of an ancient household cat, who, in her old age, while she lies burring by the ingleside—where we may conceive the auld wife occupied with her spinning-wheel—has her mind exercised in meditating on the vicissitudes of the family, on her achievements among rats in other days, and on the pathetic losses which she has, from time to time, sustained in her maternal relations. We cannot deny ourselves and our readers the pleasure of quoting some verses; it is certainly a curiosity of literature. After preliminary meditations, the old cat *mewses*:

"I like the gudeman, but loe the wife,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum;
Days mony they've seen o' leil an' strife;
O' sorrow human hours are rife;
Their hand's been mine a' the days o' my life,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum.

Auld bawthren's grey, she kitten'd me here,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum;
An' wha was my sire I ne'er did spier;
Brithers an' sisters smoor'd i' the weir,
Left me alone to my mither dear.
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum.

As I grew a cat, wi' look sae douse,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum;

She learnt me to catch the pilf'rin' mouse;
Wi' the thief-like rottions I had nae truce,
But banish'd them frae the maister's house,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum.

Mither got fushonless, auld, an' blin,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum;
The bluid i' her veins was cauld an' thin;
Her claws were blunt an' she couldna rin,
An' t' her forbears was sune gathered in,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum.

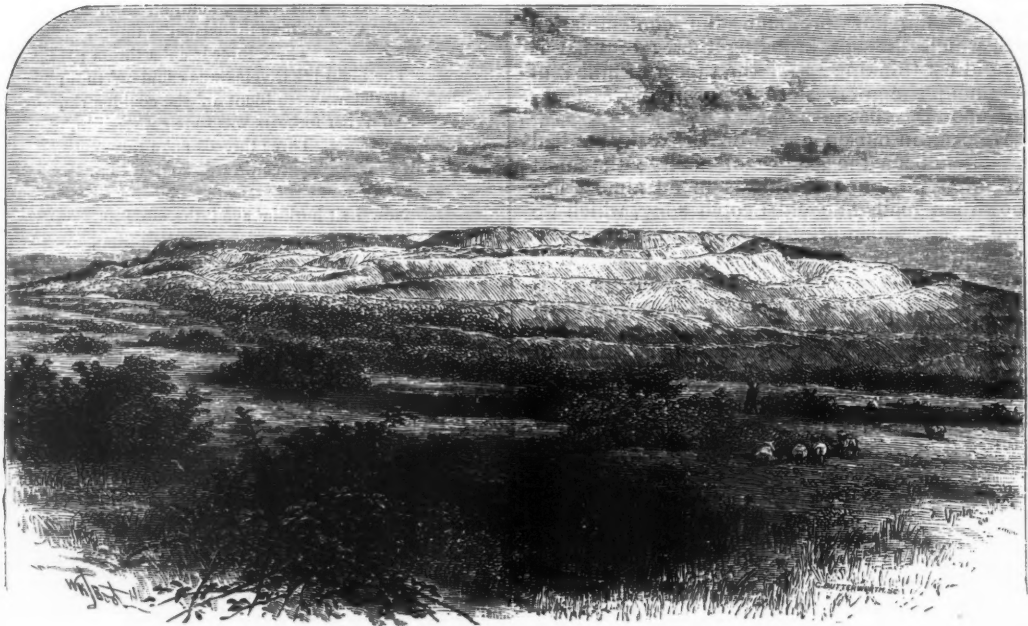
Now I sit hurklin' aye i' the ase,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
The queen I am o' that cosey place;
As wi' ilka paw I dicht my face,
I sing an' purr wi' mickle grace,
Three threeds an' a thrum,
Three threeds an' a thrum."

"Pussy, pussy baudron" is the beginning of a nursery ditty familiar in Scotland, but this more formal ode will be new even to many Scottish readers.

Falkirk Sheep Fair.—The annual sheep fairs upon Falkirk Moor afford a scene to which no parallel can be found in the rest of Great Britain, and the September tryst brings with it the first drafts of hill sheep from the north of Scotland, which many southern lessees of grouse moors situated in the counties of Inverness, Forfar, Aberdeen, and Perth pronounced to be unequalled in flavour, though probably the keen appetite imparted by outdoor exercise upon the mountain has not a little to do with adding zest to the palate. Upon the second Monday in September, flock after flock, averaging about one thousand head of sheep in each, will arrive and take up its station upon this flat and open moor, some of the flocks being black-faced, with horns, and some white-faced and polled. Each flock will be attended by two or three shepherds, and at least as many dogs. "They take up their respective stations on the moor without confusion, and stand in perfect quietude in little round clumps, which are separated from each other by only a few yards." The dogs are the chief guardians; and though they are generally lying down and licking their travel-worn feet, no unruly animal breaks the ranks without attracting their vigilant notice and being instantly recovered. Friendly recognitions are exchanged, meantime, between the shepherds, while the hand and the "sneeshin-mull" are freely tendered and accepted, and intelligence from every quarter of the Highlands and Lowlands is communicated in the soft Gaelic patois which has so close an affinity with the Basque dialect spoken by the Pyrenæan shepherds. It is said that the number of sheep brought together at Falkirk sometimes mounts as high as one hundred thousand head. No sooner have the flocks been arrayed on the moor than a large number of farmers on horseback and on foot begin to move among them. They are generally from the ranks of the Lowland sheep-dealers and from those of the large turnip-growers who live upon the east coast of Scotland and in the northern and eastern counties of England. The mode of settling or paying for bargains when struck is as peculiar as the dealing. No man brings money in currency or in coin to Falkirk. Booths or tents are erected on the ground by the old-established Scotch banks, and purchasers come to the fair provided with letters of credit. The arrangement smacks of times when Rob Roy and other Highland "reivers" carried terror into the Lowlands, and it is at once safer and more convenient that a few scratches of the pen in the bank-books should balance accounts amounting to tens of thousands of pounds.—*Daily Telegraph*.

DORSET FOLK AND DORSET.

BY THE REV. W. BARNES, B.D., AUTHOR OF 'POEMS IN THE DORSET DIALECT.'



MAIDEN CASTLE.

[By permission from John Pouncy's "Dorset Illustrated."]

THE Dorset folk, as far as they are of Saxon kin, may not be likely to differ very widely from their neighbours of Wessex, or from the English in most other counties; and, indeed, the boundaries of folk-speech and folk-likeness are not so far those of the counties as are rivers and ridges of hills. But still, wide differences of land, as those of the rich-soiled and well-timbered vale of Blackmore, and those of the chalk downs of Southern Dorset, and of the heathy ground to the south-east of the shire, would give the people sundry kinds of main work, from which, again, they would fall into slightly differing ways of behaviour and train of thought and talk.

Then, again, it is clear that the Saxon kin of Dorset took, in their earlier times, a little of the blood of the Wealcyn, as King Alfred called the Britons in the west of Wessex; for, under King Ina of Wessex, Britons of sundry ranks, freemen as well as serfs, were living among the Saxons, and by name, as such, were under the care of his laws; and Dorset has two towns, Shaftesbury and Wareham, which have had tokens of a time when a British and a Saxon population were living in two sundry quarters of the town, and each with churches of its own speech. They have had many little churches; Shaftesbury, the British *Caer Paladr*, has had twelve, and Wareham six or seven.

Some Norman blood must have mingled in Dorset, as elsewhere, with that of the Saxons.

Among the upper ranks, from the Norman landlords (seigneurs)—such as the Fitzpaines, Glanvilles, Nevilles, Mansels, Le Moignes, Russells, and Turbervilles, the names of some of whom still cleave to their lands—and among the lower ranks, from the underlings brought in by the barons and the Norman heads of the Church, and of the monasteries, and, with Norman English law, Norman words of the bench and bar have needs come into Dorset speech. But of the British speech the Dorset tongue is almost if not quite clear, so that the Dorset folk are mainly Saxon.*

* Maiden Castle, of which we give an engraving, is the most mark-worthy of all the earthworks of the early tribes of Dorset. Many of them are camps of defence, and others for "gorsoddau," or meetings of peaceful business. This great "caer" is situated about two miles from Dorchester on the broad top of a short ridge of down. It takes up about one hundred and twenty acres of ground, is nearly twice as long as it is broad, and warded by from three to five banks, sundery by deep ditches, and offering greater hindrance to the foe where the hill-side would give him less. The inner gateways in the banks at the two ends of the works are covered by traverses, or banks, of which at the west end there are seven or eight. It would seem, from stones found on the nearest bank, and in the ditch below it, that the ramparts had borne a breastwork ("British gwalc") of flagstones. Maiden Castle shows the same like tokens of British work as the many other so understood British camps in Dorset and Britain, and we cannot see a rod of Roman work in the banks, though we may well believe that the Romans, or some Romans, of Dorchester, made some use of the ground. Mr. Edward Cunningham, of Dorchester, has lately found there some walling and wall plaster of a Roman house. Maiden Castle was, however, seemingly the stronghold of an early but great tribe long ere the Romans came into Britain, though the word tribe is one of very wide and unclear meaning. By tribe here I do not mean a close "cenedlaeth," or kindred of a generation or two from one common and owned father, and under a kinsman, as "pencenedl," as tribe head, but a body of many such kindreds clustered up, by will or conquest, into a community under a prince, or "tywysog," and it seems clear that this stronghold was ancient to the Romans, at whose coming the Britons had been wont to choose an "Unben Frydain," monarch of (all) Britain.

When I look into the illustrated edition of the poems of Groth, the Holstein poet, I seem to see in his well-drawn maidens of the hamlets of our early forefathers, the very likenesses of the milk-maids of Wessex.

Some Dorset parishes have a low and some others a high death rate. In the schools of some parishes you would find class-rings of healthy and comely children, and in others children of paler hue and less kindly growth, showing, it may be, differences from their villages, and the welfare or want in their homes.

The lifelength of Dorset folk is, I believe, of about the common span. Some are born weakly and fade early; some, in strong manhood, are cut off by mishaps or blood-poisonings; and some walk sprackly among grandchildren of full growth.

The following is taken from a Dorset paper:—"An old woman named Edith Bow, ninety-six years of age, has, during the harvest, tied after the reapers numerous sheaves of wheat on the farm of Mr. Young, of Piddletrenthide. This is rather good work for an old lady who, if she lives, will shortly see the dawning of a second century."

Among diseases which are the more rife in Dorset are the fast-spreading blood-fire of fevers, against which we hope that sanitary improvements of dwellings, in form, roominess, and cleanliness, may make head; and rheumatism, from the chilling of the body by long wearing of soaked clothing at work in the field. A mother said one day to me, in speaking of her boy who had been wet through every day for some while, that she could "hardly keep a dry dread (thread) on his back, poor twoad!" "poor toad" being given as a name of compassion for his helplessness against the weather.

Ague, owing perhaps to the draining of watery land, is less rife than it formerly was in Dorset.

Rosy children at the doors, and handsome flowers in the window of a cottage, and window gardening, which is very common in Dorset, are happy tokens of a higher form of life in the house. And the drunkard's home will not often show them. Some such unhappy home took, some time ago, the attention of an American writer who came into our neighbourhood, and afterwards wrote of it in "Harper's New Monthly Magazine," January, 1874. He says in one lane he met with some wretched, ragged, and haggard children, and passing through a gate, a bevy of beautiful, fair, and plump children, in purple and velvet. These latter children were of the squire's house, and the others were those of an unthrifty couple, the only such ones in the parish; and it is unlucky that one bad housefather should have brought a slur on not only Dorset, but on England itself. But as I know that the purple on the lawn was such only in hue, and was not Tyrian, so I believe the writer put the little lasses at their full depth below the young ladies.

The wife and children of the drunkard labourer must be ill fed, and the children must be so far born from and in weakness, and cannot grow up into the full size and strength of man; and so they have to struggle for bread in labour too heavy for

their weakly bodies, from which, again, spring children more degenerate. And what will be the end of it? Will there be in those days giants or dwarfs for Englishmen?

Dorset folk have done much against the awful evils of intemperance, and many are they who strive to save others from them, and many they who would fain be saved.

The Dorset Temperance Association and the Church of England Temperance Society have sent out a voice of warning and counsel, and have helping workers in all quarters. So that, as I learn, there are now in Dorset about ten thousand abstinent and two hundred societies. Coffee-houses or coffee-taverns have been opened in most of the Dorset towns, and I do not know of one which has been closed as a hopeless failure. By the way, I find, from the Diary of Mr. John Richards, of Warmwell, that there was a coffee-house in Dorchester in 1700. It seems to have been frequented by the county gentry, as parcels were left there by one family for another.

Dorset men would be found, in the main, of middling size, though we have men tall as well as small, and a manly body of men might be seen in the Dorset yeomanry cavalry. The average height of the Dorset militia is 5 feet 5 inches, and that of the Dorchester corps of riflemen is 5 feet 7 inches, which would most likely be found about a fair average for the North Dorset corps and others. But that of Portland—for the true Portlander, as is shown by the Portland corps of riflemen, among others—is, in the main, taller and thicker-boned than the foreigners, as they formerly called us of the mainland of Dorset.

Farms and farming are not quite alike in the fine grass land of North Dorset, the Vale of Blackmore, and on the downs of South Dorset. In Blackmore are smaller dairy farms, on which some of the dairy work is taken by the master's own children; but some of the corn farms of the south take each £8,000 or £10,000 to stock and work them, and, it may be, a horsed foreman, with the master, to guide the widely-spread work; and of late such corn farms have been tilled at a heavy loss. To the question whether landlords will find these very broad farms better to let than smaller ones, such bad times as these may give an answer. But it seems likely that there are farms now on hand that might be taken in two or three smaller ones. Some of the homely and working farmers have, ere now, saved money and bought land. The mind of the class would be fairly betokened by one whom I have known. He said to me, some time ago—he had seen the daughters of a neighbouring farmer going to the music master—he said, "While I and my wife wer out a-milkèn they maïdens went by, an' I zaid to her, 'Where be they maïdens agwoin'?' an' she zaid, 'Oh! they be agwoin' to their music.' An' I zaid, 'Oh! agwoin' to their music at milkèn-time! That'll come to zom'ehat, that wull.'" He was a shrewd man. He rented some land of a landowner whose steward was mostly in the market on the market day, and he said that if he wanted a new gate or cow-house, or any other favour, he kept the steward in sight till he

might see him talk with some other man; and if he smiled and joked with him, he met him, and put to him, in his most winning way, his petition; but if he frowned or spoke to his neighbour "a'r a bit snappish," he sought him not, but waited for *molliora tempora* on another market day. He told me that he once asked his landlord his leave to shroud some elms in a field. His landowner, however, did not hold with the maiming of trees, and asked him, "Will you let me cut off your arm?" "Oh, sir!" said he, "I didn' mean to cut 'em so cluouse as that." "Well, then," said the landlord, "will you let me cut off your thumb?" "I'd a-done!" said the good vale yeoman.

Another such old-fashioned dairy farmer went to a landowner to take a small dairy farm, and the squire asked him, most likely from the thought of his homely garb, whether he had money enough to stock the farm. He said he would tell his banker to answer the question, and the banker's answer was, "If you wish to sell the farm he can buy it."

When I was a little boy, a man, who held land enough to be called "The Squire," asked me whether I would rather have a halfpenny or a penny, and I was worldly-wise enough to say a penny; and he, with smiling approbation of my choice, gave me a gift, and told me that he had begun business in early life with a cow and calf, and that, by good, honest work, halfpennies might be turned into pennies.

There are in Blackmore—and, indeed, elsewhere in Dorset—farms and houses which were formerly the lands and homes of squires of the lower rank. I know three of such ones in a triangle, hardly more than half a mile asunder. It seems that those men were of good in their places. With minds unbewildered by an overwhelming weight of business, they lived at home; and, having land to lose, they were loyal and patriotic, and were in daily communion with their work-folk, and could call them all by their names, and knew of their wants and worthiness of help, for which it was thought they had a stronger call on the landlord than on a renting farmer.

The workman is now often sundered from the farmer by a hiring bailiff, and from the landowner by both the farmer and bailiff. It is not implied that the old landowner's home cannot be worthily holden by the farmer as such. Whatever of good is found in the Dorset mind is found in his mind as fully as in that of any other rank, but a shifting of a man into the higher place—but not into all the circumstances of another—may naturally make a change, for better or worse, to those who were under the first.

Here is an old landowner's house which has been the home of two or three generations of farmers:—

THE OLD FARMHOUSE.

That many-tunn'd farmhouse that stands
A little off the old high road,
When landlords lived upon their lands,
Was long its landlord's dear abode;

And often thence, with horn-call'd hounds,
High-steeded, through the gate he sped,
The while the whirring grey-wing'd doves
Flew out of dovecots overhead.

And after that, below the tun,
There burnt, for happy souls, the fire
Of one whose name has blest his son,
A farmer fit to be a squire;
And while his barley-sowing sped,
On dusty mould, in springtide light,
From those old dovecotes' many doors
The grey-wing'd doves arose in flight.

And while through days of longsome span
His corn was sunn'd from green to red,
His son grew up from boy to man,
And now is master in his stead;
For him the loaded waggons roll
To staddled ricks that rustle dry,
And there for him the grey-wing'd doves
Around the mossy dovecotes fly.

There oft his sister, then a child—
That's now a mother, fair, though staid—
His merry playmate, flitted wild,
And tittering, through light and shade,
On tiptoe, fanning, in her speed,
The gold-like straws beside her shoe;
While to the dovecotes, nigh at hand,
The grey-wing'd doves in haste upflew.

And still with fondness, and with praise,
The brother's and the sister's mind
Behold their homespent childhood's days,
So fair, and left so far behind,
As I behold, in thought, the time
When first the lord of wall and sword
There dwelt, and first the grey-wing'd doves
Flew out from dovecotes in the yard.

Few of the poor householders of the Dorset villages have any more their old rights of grazing in the commons, most of which have now been enclosed, but into which they had formerly the right of putting a cow or donkey, or some geese. These enclosures are thought to be improvements. Be it so. But the gain of good from any improvement is not the whole sum of good that is in it, but the balance of that good above the good of the thing of which it has taken the stead. Not only was a cow-owning commoner not helped as a burdensome pauper, but he tried, not hopelessly, to keep himself free of the parish: and if a neighbour unhappily took parish pay, his daughter was deemed, by Jane of the cow-wealthy house, to have lost caste, and to have sunk below her level; and I fear that most, if not all, of those who now live in the places of those commoners have been on the poor-books. So the true good of the enclosures is to be rated not only by the wealth brought out of the ground by tillage or otherwise, as set against the grass and furze of the old common, but against that and the sunken level of the independent life of the good, if not of some less good, commoners, and the loss of milk to the children.

A landowner at Whitchurch, Dorset, lets out small shares of grass land to two or three of the bettermost of working parishioners, with the understanding that they shall keep cows and sell milk to their poor neighbours.

One thing may be said against the common holding of the commons—that the commoners did not bestow on them any common work of draining or levelling of emmet-butts (ant-hills) or manuring; but the thickly bulging emmet-butts may bring in a queer question as, whether, since the surface of a hemisphere is larger than its base, and since the surfaces of the emmet-butts (hemispheres) bore grass or furze, the commoners did not increase the common ground by their very carelessness of it. It was more or less manured by the grazing animals.

An Act against squatting on commons, 31 Elizabeth, enacted that "No person shall make, build, or erect, or cause, etc., any cottage for habitation or dwelling, nor convert any building to be used as a cottage, unless he assign and lay to it four acres of land, being his freehold and inheritance, lying near it, to be continually used with it, upon pain to forfeit to the king £10. Every person that shall uphold or continue any such cottage shall forfeit 40s. for every month."—*Dalton's Country Justice*, 1690.

This Act, which was after a while repealed, would have been an unfairly hard one for good thrifty workfolk who were no squatters, for if any labourer should become, by bequest or otherwise, the owner of three acres of freehold land, with the means of building a cottage on it, and of making for himself one of the prettiest of homes, the law would forbid him to put a roof over his head on his three acres because they were not four. In 1762 Thomas Whitcher, of Holt, Dorset, was indicted, under the Act, for erecting a cottage and not laying to it four acres of ground, and he was sentenced, whether from non-payment of the fine I know not, to transportation for seven years, or to enlist in the forces by sea or land.—*Dorset County Records*.

Is this the Act for which the men in the Fryng-Pan on Ham Hill now call? Would they not get out of the fryng-pan into the fire?—*Observer*. May 24th, 1875.

With us here in Dorset, at least, it may be questioned if the action of the Labourers' Union between master and man has not done the labourers more harm than good. It has lessened the wonted goodwill with which the master has given the man an hour or two on some call of his own needs, and the man was willing to give as much of time to the master's strong call to finish some work ere the morrow; and has brought in more of that cold law of no-paying work and no-staying work but by the hand of the clock; and the tendency of it is that the workman's arm sways, and the master's hand pays, only by compulsion of law, and not also from a kindly heart. The heart is the dove-tail that holds together master and man in all weathers; the pay is only glue that gives out in the wet.

Some say they cannot get good servants, and some servants say they cannot get good masters

and mistresses. I will not ask on which side the truth may be found, but believe that healthy love walks on four feet, and cannot very long keep up on two.

The law of the union-rating, which was, I believe, meant to bring some good to farm-labourers in housing, has not, as far as I can see, brought it, but has brought them evil of another kind.

As the law of union-rating now stands, if a workman is ill and out of work for even a short time, a master often puts him on the union, so that, instead of affording him the whole of his bread, he pays only his own small share of it against the shares of other ratepayers in the union. I do not reprobate such behaviour, but I do not think ratepayers on the whole save any cost by the law, for while one payer puts his man on the union, others play the same game against him, so that while he pays only the n^{th} part of his man's allowance, he pays the n^{th} part of the allowances of other masters' men, and so it may be as much as the man's whole allowance.

The orchard, the rather proudly-holden domain of the lower householder, in Blackmore, with its grass, and little rick of hay for the winter, is a great help to a household who can keep a cow, and affords a gay sight in its full bloom in May, and is, I believe, lovingly remembered for its pleasing shade in the summer, its fruit in the fall, and as a windscreen in the winter.

THE ORCHARD.

Within the orchard's many shadows,
Flitting softly round our feet,
While burning hot, the sunlight shot
Between them in the summer heat;
We went, at times, by dock-leaves, falling
Limp, beside the mossy walling.

The way from garden into orchard
Through an arch'd gateway led,
Where rose a dove-cote up above
The grey old arch, above the head,
By flower-beds of the oldest fashion,
Sweet with rose and red carnation.

There spreading trees of mossy oldness,
This and that way leaning lay;
And others, young and upright, sprung
For year-stunn'd old ones cast away;
Within a thorny hedge that girded
Ground, and tree-bough, many-birded.

There shone the boughs, in May's gay sunshine,
Out in bloom as white's a sheet;
Or else their flowers fell in showers
Softly down about their feet;
Or else they nodded, many-appled,
Green, or lastly ruddy-dappled.

And then the time of apple-taking
Came, and apples pattered down
Below the trees in twos and threes,
Full thick; and yellow, red, and brown,
To folks that filled, from baskets by them,
Bags as full as they could tie the

WOODED IN JEST AND WEDDED IN EARNEST.

THERE were a good many eligible men in the old city of Idleminster, but Merlin Rudersheim stood at the head of the list.

He was a doctor, in good—nay, first-rate—practice; he wrote himself "M.D., F.R.C.S.E."; was tall and fairly good-looking, even if a trifle heavy and often rather absent minded; was about five-and-thirty years old, and a pronounced old bachelor.

It was absolutely wonderful how many considerate ladies had arranged pleasant little dinners or cosy little suppers for Dr. Merlin Rudersheim's benefit. It was amusing to see how many young ladies possessed of comfortable *dots* had been made bosom friends of by his sisters; and it was even more remarkable what a number of gay, careless young fellows, not having an idea in common with the grave, scholarly man of medicine, were wont to slip friendly hands under his arm and press him to "come in, old fellow, for an hour to-night, and have a little music or a chat with the governor."

Unfortunately these delicate little plans failed to bring about the desired end. After ten years spent in working an Idleminster practice, Dr. Rudersheim was wifeless still, and likely to remain so. Most people, indeed, had given him up as a hopeless case, and had turned their considerate attentions in other directions.

But, having gone scathless through ten years of gradually-waning fire, he was doomed to undergo yet another attack, and this time the belligerent was neither a lady with marriageable daughters, nor a friend of the Misses Rudersheim, nor a young man possessed of sisters to whom he wished to afford an opportunity of settling comfortably in life. No; it was just a young lady herself—a gay, bright little coquette, twenty years old, having firm belief in Thackeray's theory that, given a fair field and no favour, any woman can conquer any man upon whom she chooses to set her affections.

"It's all bosh, Kitty!" laughed Jack, her brother, to whom one day she was airing her views. "There's Merlin Rudersheim; if you can manage to make old wiseacre spooney, I'll give in—tip you a fiver into the bargain."

Jack, like many youths, thought it clever to use "slangy" language.

"Done!" laughed the girl, brightly. "I do just know him a little—that is, he takes his hat off to me—shuffles it off, I should say—whenever he sees me, only, worse luck, he doesn't always happen to see me. But, Jack, dear, what's to be the test?—not matrimony, I hope; I couldn't go so far as that!"

"Oh, you didn't marry Carter, or Fane, or that swaggering donkey, Lumley, yet we all knew how far matters had gone. No, no! I'll be fair and straightforward about it, and when Rudersheim's

intimacy suddenly ceases I'll tip up the fiver; only mind, I don't believe in your bringing about any intimacy at all."

"We'll see," returned Kitty Conniston, teasingly.

However, a week went over without any appearance of success. True, she had met Merlin Rudersheim once, but his grey, thoughtful eyes had gazed straight over her head into vacancy, so that her half-pleading, half-coquettish glance had been utterly thrown away upon him. Buried in thought, he had not even seen her.

But Kitty was not to be daunted thus easily. She knew, none better, the effect to be produced by the possessor of dark, soft eyes, upon even the stiffest of stiff old bachelors.

"Never mind," she cried, in answer to Jack's good-humoured chaff. "Rome was not built in a day, you know, and let us hope for better luck next time."

"Kitty, my dear," said Mrs. Conniston, entering at that moment, "here is a letter from the girls at Inapwith to say they are coming in to tea this afternoon, and Mable Downe is coming with them."

"How nice," cried Kitty, heartily.

"But dear, I sent over to Foster's for cakes and so on, and their lemon cheesecakes are all gone, and the girls from Inapwith do always enjoy them so, I like to have some. I wish you would go across the Precincts to Hellyer's and order a dozen."

"Better make it two," put in Jack. "I can eat a lot."

"Say eighteen, then, dear. You see Mary is laying the cloth, and cook, of course, is very busy."

"I'll bring them back with me," said Kitty.

"Well, if you—" her mother began.

"Don't mind," finished Kitty, with a laugh.

"Why, dear little mother, every one in Idleminster knows me. I'm not afraid of losing caste, like Mrs. Wainwright, who's so awfully grand and refined that she can't carry two pennyworth of pears half the length of a street. I'll bring them, only give me some money."

Mrs. Conniston gave her purse to Kitty, who forthwith ran upstairs for her hat and sealskin coat.

"And if I see Merlin," she laughed, putting her head in at the door on her way out, "I shall bring him back with me."

"Will you?" Jack laughed back.

"Won't I?" she retorted; then, woman-like, having got the last word, shut the door and departed.

The Connistons lived in a street known as St. Olives, and Hellyer's, the French pastrycook's shop, was in Queen Street, on the other side of the Cathedral Close. Kitty looked about on the

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way there, but not a sign was there to be seen of Dr. Merlin Rudersheim.

"How Jack will crow over me," she thought, with a mental groan, as she opened the door.

"A dozen and a half lemon cheesecakes," said Mrs. Hellyer. "You'd better let me send them, Miss Conniston, they'll be a large parcel."

"Oh no, thanks, Mrs. Hellyer, I'll take them," Kitty answered. "We are rather in a hurry for them. Are they quite fresh?"

"Just warm out of the oven," was the reply.

So Kitty, holding the bag firmly by the double band of paper at the bottom, so as not to crush the cheesecakes, turned homewards, thinking not at all of them but of Dr. Merlin Rudersheim, and how her plot was to be carried out.

"Oh! here he comes," she said to herself, with a great start, as she turned out of Queen Street into the Minster Precincts; "and Mr. Loveday. I've a good mind to stop."

Mr. Loveday was one of the vicars-choral, and possessed the keenest wit and the heartiest laugh of any man in Idlemminster. Kitty knew him very well, so there would be nothing unusual in her stopping to speak to him. The only thing was, would Merlin Rudersheim simply take off his hat and walk on?

Stop, however, Kitty undoubtedly did, though scarcely in the way she had intended, for just as the two gentlemen were moving their sticks from their right hands to their left, ready to bow, and just as Kitty was putting on her most bewitching smile, her ankle twisted—it might be that she trod on a piece of orange-peel—turned under her, down she went, what she afterwards described as "a regular smash," and out shot the cheesecakes—eighteen of them—all over the road!

"Dear me!" Mr. Loveday ejaculated, "but we have got into the land of Goshen!"

As for Kitty, she simply sat on the ground and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks, and even solemn Merlin unbent, and joined in her mirth, perhaps more heartily than ever he had laughed in all his five-and-thirty years of life.

"Hadh't you better get up?" he said at last, holding out his hands to assist her to rise.

"I can't," Kitty gasped, sinking back and turning very white. "I think I've twisted my ankle."

In one moment the faint remnants of laughter vanished from Dr. Rudersheim's face, and he was transformed into the grave man of medicine.

"Miss Conniston has sprained her ankle," he explained to Mr. Loveday, who had occupied himself in gathering up the luckless cheesecakes, with an assurance that they would not be any the worse, at which Kitty burst out laughing again, even though the pain she was suffering caused the tears to stand in her eyes. "I'd no idea you were hurt, you laughed so," he said, looking down upon her. "What's to be done, Rudersheim? Get her into one of these houses?"

"No, there's a cab," Merlin answered, holding up his hand. "The sooner she is at home the better. I'll take her myself and attend to the ankle at once. Now, Miss Conniston, let me lift you in."

"Don't hurt me," Kitty cried, shrinking back,

her big dark eyes looking bigger and darker than ever against the pallor of her face.

"Trust yourself entirely to me, and you shall feel the move as little as possible," he told her, gently.

So Kitty permitted him to lift her from the ground and bit her lips till the blood came in the effort to repress the scream, which under any other circumstances she must have uttered.

"Brave child!" said Merlin Rudersheim, approvingly, arranging the cushions for her best comfort. "Loveday, will you tell the man to drive softly over the stones?"

Yet in spite of his care and the short distance they had to go, it was a horrid journey. The poor slender ankle was badly sprained, and great tears streamed down Kitty's cheeks, which somehow disturbed Merlin Rudersheim so much that once or twice he made as if he would have wiped them away. Such a brave little girl she was too—he knew she was suffering horribly, yet only the silent tears betrayed her, and thoroughly glad was he when the cab pulled up at the door of No. 6, St. Olives.

Jack ran out, thinking his cousins had arrived, and being greeted by Dr. Rudersheim's grave face, burst out laughing, thinking it was all a ruse of clever Kitty.

"Your sister has sprained her ankle—*badly*," Merlin said, severely, wondering what on earth the lad could find amusing in the affair. "Go in and get some brandy. I will lift her out."

"Don't let Jack touch me," said Kitty, with a half-sob.

"No one shall touch you but myself," he answered. Yet for all his care and strength, it was a horrid wrench that the ankle gave as he lifted her out of the cab and carried her to the nearest sofa.

Jack, shaking with laughter, watched the whole proceeding with admiring eyes, thinking what a clever little witch she was; what a cunning little actress, so completely to gull a big-wig like solemn Rudersheim; when Kitty suddenly undeceived him by fainting dead away.

"Why, she really is hurt!" Jack cried out, in his surprise.

"Hurt!" Merlin echoed. "You don't suppose I should have brought her home in a cab if she hadn't been, do you?"

"No, of course not," unable to repress a grin, even in the face of poor Kitty's sufferings.

"Oh, here is Mrs. Conniston," Merlin said, pushing Jack aside with scant ceremony. "I am sorry to say your daughter has had an accident, and sprained her ankle. Will you get warm water and linen bandages directly?"

"Oh, poor darling! How was it?" her mother cried.

"Never mind that," said Merlin, impatiently; "I want the water and the bandages. Now"—turning to Kitty—"let me get that boot off at once."

"No, no, don't touch me!" cried Kitty.

"I promise not to hurt you," he said, speaking exactly as he might have done to a tiny child. "I will cut it off before you know I have begun."

I need not describe all the bathing and bandaging process, but when it was ended, Dr. Rudersheim told Kitty she ought to go to bed at once.

"I will carry you up," he ended.

But Kitty, comforted by the bandages, and feeling more like herself, rebelled vigorously against the order.

"My cousins are coming, and I am quite comfortable here," she said, coaxingly. "Stay and have a cup of tea with us, Dr. Rudersheim—*do*. And one of the cheesecakes, you know."

"But, darling, how will you get up to bed?" Mrs. Conniston asked. "Had you not better go, whilst Dr. Rudersheim is kind enough to remain? I am afraid if Jack takes you he may hurt you."

"Oh, Jack must not touch me!" with a shiver. "It was quite bad enough when Dr. Rudersheim did it. I'll tell you what," turning to Merlin, "if you'll stay and have some tea I'll go to bed directly after, if you will be so kind as to carry me."

Then Merlin Rudersheim consulted his watch, and Mrs. Conniston suggested his dinner.

"Of course," she told him, "I shall be only too delighted if you can and will remain, but to lose your dinner for a cup of tea seems too bad."

"But it is high-tea," put in Kitty. "Do stay."

"I was wondering what patients I have to see yet," he said, thoughtfully. "I should like to stay very much; and, besides that, Miss Conniston ought to be indulged after showing so much bravery. As for my dinner, I had a tremendous lunch, out by Appleton, with a farmer-patient of mine. If I remain until about eight, will you go quietly to bed then?" he asked of Kitty, as if she had been ten years old.

"Oh! yes; I will, indeed. So kind of you," Kitty murmured, holding out her slender hand to him, at which Jack rushed out of the room in a convulsion of laughter.

"And how did you manage to hurt yourself so, dearie?" Mrs. Conniston asked in commiserating tones.

"Why, I don't quite know," Kitty answered. "I was walking through the Precincts, holding my bag very carefully, when down I came with a crash, and out shot my cheesecakes."

"What, over the road?" laughed Jack, who had come in again.

"Over everywhere," spreading out her arms in an expansive gesture. "Mr. Loveday was with Dr. Rudersheim, and he cried out that they had got into the land of Goshen."

"Just like Loveday," laughed Jack.

Then the cousins—four or five of them—appeared, and a great deal of noisy fun followed. Amongst it all, Jack, watching Kitty and Merlin keenly, saw that his "fiver" was lost. The absent look had faded from the doctor's face, and Kitty's dark, soft eyes kept him chained beside her couch during the whole time he remained.

"All the same," thought Jack, "it's rather a shame to mislead the poor chap so."

"And you'll come and see me to-morrow?" Kitty said, rather forlornly, when the journey upstairs had been accomplished, not without pain.

"First thing in the morning; but you are not to get up until I give you leave."

"Oh!" Kitty cried in dismay; "will it soon be well, do you think?"

"If you do as I tell you, probably very soon."

"Oh! I shall do exactly as you tell me," said Kitty, promptly.

But the ankle proved not altogether easy to cure. At least Dr. Rudersheim's visits continued daily for some weeks, and Kitty showed no signs of caring to leave her sofa. Jack cried out sometimes that there would be an awful bill, but Kitty with a smile bade him leave the bill to take care of itself.

"I suppose you mean to pay it out of that fiver," he laughed.

"Then you mean to pay the fiver?" Kitty cried.

"Oh, yes! I admit the downfall of Dr. Wiseacre, M.D., F.R.C.S.E. How soon is Dick, Stephen, or Tom to be promoted, vice Rudersheim superseded?"

"We shall see what we shall see," quoth Kitty vaguely.

It happened that the very next day Merlin Rudersheim, entering the drawing-room of No. 6, St. Olives, found Kitty lying as usual on her sofa. She was alone. She looked very well and pretty, and not at all as if she required medical attendance.

"I don't think I need come to see you any more," he said at last.

"Not any more?" echoed Kitty, blankly.

"You are quite recovered now. You ought to be out walking instead of lying there. It is not good for you."

"Then I won't do it any longer," Kitty said, submissively, and rising as she spoke.

Surely if she meant to supersede him for Dick, Stephen, or Tom, then was the time to do it, but Kitty, trifling nervously with her rings, began in rather a quavering voice to thank him for his kindness, and to tell him how much she should miss his visits.

"I might come on visits not exactly professional," he suggested, looking up, with a sudden glad light in his eyes. "Only I never thought that an old bachelor like myself could give you any pleasure, and I—I—"

What was it that interrupted him? It was Kitty's fresh, deliciously-mirthful laugh; Kitty's sweet smiling face; Kitty's slender outstretched hands. How it all came about I cannot tell you, for it was like a transformation scene, done in a moment. Yet an instant later her dark curly head was lying close-pressed against Merlin Rudersheim's true heart.

And after a while, Jack, all unconscious of Dr. Rudersheim's presence, entered noisily, and, catching sight of the pair on the hearth, was retreating with a great "Oh!" when Kitty called him.

"Oh, Jack!" she said, coolly—she always had a good nerve; "since I shan't have the bill to pay, I'll forgive you that fiver."

Thus out of a joke came the great happiness of Kitty Conniston's life. If all our jokes could but have as pleasant an ending!

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EGYPTIAN PIGEON TOWERS.



AS we travelled through the land of Goshen, where the banks of the beautiful Nile seem greener and more fertile than elsewhere (the cultivated lands varied by rich pastures, where happy flocks rest peacefully beside those still waters), our attention was

arrested by the multitude of tall conical mud towers, which are the prominent feature of many villages. Indeed the dwelling-houses are all mere wretched mud-hovels, low and flat-roofed, inhabited by poor miserable fellahs—the sorely-oppressed agricultural population of Egypt.

At the first glance these clusters of tall towers, resembling elongated bee-hives, resting on a square base, rather reminded us of the pyramidal towers of Hindoo temples, such as we had often seen in the poorest Indian villages. But we know that in this land of mingled Copts and Mohammedans no heathen temples could exist, and these towers could not suggest either Christian or Mohammedan architecture. Besides, their multitude at once negated any such suggestion.

On inquiry we learnt that they were all pigeon-towers! Vast dove-cots built of earthenware jars, laid in layers, with the mouth turned outwards, so that each jar may serve as a nest. The space between them is filled up with plaster and mud, which cements them firmly together, and then another layer of jars is arranged, and, in like manner, cemented. Thus tier above tier is built up, and so these curious towers of pottery are reared, and afford an asylum to an inconceivable number of pigeons.

It is calculated that there are upwards of thirty

million pigeons in Egypt! They hover in clouds over every village, every clump of paling. In the villages where these dove-cots are not in favour, or where perhaps the fellahs are too poor to afford the trifling outlay for coarse earthenware pots, every house has a mud battlement, fringed with branches of date-palm on which the birds may rest. For they are valuable property, too precious to be used as food, except on great occasions, and they are jealously guarded for the sake of the droppings, which form such precious manure for fields and gardens. The value of this item is reckoned at a sum equal to £200,000 per annum.

It appears, however, as if this gain was a very poor compensation for the tremendous extent of their depredations. M. About has made some curious calculations on this subject. He finds that every pigeon in the land probably consumes grain to the value of one centime per diem. Thus the thirty million pigeons of Egypt must consume £12,000 worth of grain every day, which, in the course of a year, would amount to no less a sum than £4,380,000.

He further calculates that, as the fixed population of Egypt is estimated at about four million persons, the cost of feeding the pigeons is equal to a sum of twenty shillings per head over the whole population. A severe tax, in truth. Well may we account these ubiquitous and voracious birds to be the eleventh plague of Egypt. One only marvels why all the people in a district do not agree to exterminate these hungry fowls of the air instead of so carefully cherishing them. Probably the secret lies in the want of unanimity, as no man would care to give up the small profit of keeping pigeons himself so long as there was any possibility that birds belonging to his neighbours might ravage his fields and fatten at his expense.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

Varieties.

Wolseley in Egypt and Wolff in Canada.—Mr. Childers, the Secretary of War, in his Mansion House speech, made some happy allusions to former exploits of British arms, of which one of the brightest was the repulse by General Elliott of the combined attack on Gibraltar by the French and Spanish forces, which took place on September 13th, 1782, exactly 100 years before the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. That onslaught on that day was finally defeated, and Gibraltar was then preserved, to be, I hope for ever, one of the great ornaments of the English crown. The American war was disastrous, but that which came to an end 120 years ago, and is known in history as the Seven Years' War, left England, at its close, higher among the nations of Europe than she had ever been before. That war gained for us the undisputed sway of North America, and also of India; and here again we find September 13th ranking among the most prominent days in English military annals. The battle of

Quebec was fought on September 13th, 1759. Its resemblances to Tel-el-Kebir are most remarkable. The troops advanced in the night with that silence which a great French general calls "the silence terribly characteristic of the feats of the British army." It was at dawn—at five in the morning—that the enemy first found that the English army was upon them. Nobody then was to fire—the battle was to be won with the bayonet and the sword; and in a few minutes the Grenadiers, and the Highlanders, who were then for the first time brought into the English army by the genius of Mr. Pitt, drove the enemy from the field, and before evening Quebec was captured and the whole country was reduced, after a war which had commenced only in the previous month of July. "Never," says the historian of modern Europe, "was a military and naval enterprise conducted with more steady perseverance or marked by more diligence and activity." Wolff fell. Of him the historian says: "At

a very early age, with all the fervency of spirit and enlarged views of the hour he united the presence of mind and military skill which constitute a great hero."

Wolff and Gray's Elegy.—In connection with the capture of Quebec, an interesting anecdote may be repeated here. Sir John Robison, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, the predecessor of Playfair and of Leslie, was in his early life a midshipman in the navy. He was in the boat with General Wolff on the St. Lawrence the night before the assault, taking soundings, with muffled oars, preparatory to the crossing of the troops. Wolff broke the silence by repeating some lines from "Gray's Elegy," then recently written. Wolff said he would rather be the author of that poem than be the conqueror of Canada. Whether this anecdote is published elsewhere we know not, but we heard it from one who received it from Robison's own lips.

A Universal Cement.—Curdle skimmed milk (rennet or vinegar), press out the whey, and dry the curd at a gentle fire as rapidly as possible. When quite dry reduce to a very fine powder. Then take of the powdered curd, ten drachms; powdered quick-lime, one drachm; powdered camphor, eight grains; mix, keep in tightly-corked vials. To join glass, earthenware, etc., the powder is made into a paste with a little warm water and applied immediately.

Imitation of Bronze Ornaments.—Vases or other ornaments of clay or earthenware may be converted into very handsome bronze articles by a simple process. The vases chosen for this work are to be without glazing, and of the most beautiful shapes that can be found. The first thing is to coat them with copal varnish into which has been worked the colour desired—either vermilion or chrome green will be best. Or, as some prefer, let the colour be mixed with turpentine and applied first, then, when dry, varnish over it. If there are to be medallions with patterns drawn upon the front, let them be painted on this ground before varnishing. When the varnish is almost-dry, dust bronze powder over the whole surface, and rub very lightly with a silk or woollen rag until the whole is burnished. Those painted with vermilion will have a golden or copper-coloured tinge, while the green ones will be like pure bronze. If a still higher gloss is desired, add another coat of varnish.—*The Pottery Gazette.*

Cruel Sport.—The hunting of tame stags is one of the cruel sports which ought to be soon heard of no more in England. The royal stag hunts at Windsor might well be stopped. Future historians will tell of such things being done in Queen Victoria's reign as they do now of bear-baiting in that of Queen Elizabeth. The Rev. Mr. Bullen, rector of Southam, made a protest lately about a provincial exhibition of the sort, in the following letter, in reply to one which asserted there was no needless cruelty: "No one could be more unwilling than I am to attach anything like a stigma to the exercise of fair and open sport. I am, therefore, glad to hear, on the authority of the Master of the Harriers himself, that there was no intentional cruelty perpetrated on the two stags lately taken in Lord Powys' park, although the telegram from Oswestry gave undoubtedly another complexion to the whole matter, in which it was stated that the first stag fell dead—it is to be presumed from sheer exhaustion—and that the second, after his horns had been sawn off, succumbed in the same way as his unfortunate predecessor, upon which, it was reported, the sports were broken off; and quite time too. The very common retort, 'He knows nothing about it,' is little to the purpose. I certainly do know nothing about it, nor can I understand why all this lengthened torture was necessary in order to drive a few half-tame park deer into the nets. I can only hope that the next time such a work is in hand those responsible will, in mercy to the poor animals, employ persons to catch them who do know something about it."

Workhouse Discipline in 1882.—Charles Thompson, a crippled pauper in the Chelsea Workhouse, upon refusing to remove his blue ribbon badge from his coat when ordered to do so by the master, said that he had a right "to stand by his colours." He was put on the ground by the instructions of the master, and had his chest knelt upon and the ribbon

forcibly removed from his coat and destroyed. Mr. S. Morley brought the case before Parliament, and the Home Secretary said that badges might be worn.

Very Literal Wit.—St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, was always thought rather dull, but wit was not altogether extinct there. An undergraduate chalked on his "oak," "Out till 2, after that shall be in." A friend, seeing the notice, chalked *it* before *out*, and *th* before *in*. This reminds us of a livelier piece of "Scotch wit." Professor Blackie (long may he live, although now *emeritus*, and a pensioner) chalked on his notice board, "The professor is unable to meet his classes to-morrow." A waggish student deleted the *c*, and left the announcement that the professor could not meet his *lasses*. When the professor returned he noticed the new reading, his attention no doubt directed to the board by eyes watching how the joke would be taken. Equal to the occasion, the professor quietly rubbed out the *l*, and joined in the hearty laughter of the asses.

"Coals."—Merchant (paying wages): "I don't see what we can do with you, Charles, in our business: you're so stupid! You don't seem to learn anything."—Charles (coal-deliverer): "I dunno. There's one thing I've learnt any'ow—as sixteen 'und'weight o' coal makes a ton!"—[His services are retained.]—*Punch.*

A Financial Scare.—"The Chancellor of the Exchequer is having what the Americans call a bad time. The revenue from drink is falling, and most of the journals are mournful. The working man is not quite such a sot as he was, and the income-tax-payers are trembling. In a country like England, which draws one-third of its Imperial revenue from national drunkenness, this is a serious matter. Drink pays our army and navy, or it pays the interest on our Rule Britannia Debt; and, without drink, we should have to look to what are pleasantly called some 'other sources of revenue.' Let us hope that this national sobriety is only a passing cloud. We cannot, for a moment, think of reducing our expenditure." If any one thinks that intemperance is too terrible an evil to be referred to in this tone of levity natural to Mr. Punch, let him read the following lines of the poet Cowper, who, after describing the crimes and misery caused by drink, says:

"The Excise is fattened with the rich result
Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks
For ever dribbling out their base contents,
Touched by the Midas-finger of the State,
Bleed gold, for ministers to sport away:
Drink, and be mad then! 'tis your country bids!
Gloriously drunk obey the important call!
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats;
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more."

London Square Gardening.—A correspondent writes:—"Endsleigh Gardens enclosure, opposite St. Pancras Church, Euston Road, affords an illustration of the advantage of selecting a suitable class of shrubs in the ornamentation of London gardens. Late in the autumn and in early winter this enclosure was still green with the foliage of well-grown shrubs. Among the shrubs and smaller trees which thus withstand the adverse influences of London smoke and dust are the following:—*Cotoneaster frigidula*, variegated and common elders, *euonymus*, *weigelia*, and *privet*. The garden committees of some of the other central squares might take a hint from the experience of the Endsleigh Gardens Committee."

White Slave-Women in England.—At a congress of working-women this winter in London, Mrs. Blunt, one of the speakers, appealed to the public and the press to assist them in their agitation for justice and fair-play. To them she appealed against the tyranny and hard-hearted injustice of many employers of working women in that great city of London. She herself was a sewing machinist, and she would lay before the meeting the grievances of which members of her own class complained, and she might state that similar grievances existed among the other classes of working women present, even though perhaps not in so intensified a form. She would like ladies to know that the ulsters and jackets in which they and their children were so neatly clad

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were made up by poor slaves of girls and women who were remunerated at the rate of two shillings per dozen. Not only this, but they had to find their own sewing-machines and cotton, and carry their work to and from the City. Sewing-machine needles often broke over the rough work, and there was more than the price gone for making one ulster in a moment." Hood stirred up England with his "Song of the Shirt," which might be well published in a different form to-day.

Stopping Railway Trains.—The accident to the Pullman car on the Midland Railway brought to light a serious defect in the Regulations of Railways Act, 1868. By that Act (Section 22) companies are required to provide and maintain "in every train which carries passengers, and travels more than twenty miles without stopping, such efficient means of communication between the passengers and the servants of the company in charge of the train as the Board of Trade may approve." A penalty of £5 is imposed on the passenger who starts the communication without sufficient cause; but, with singular want of reciprocity, no penalty is imposed on the company which refuses to answer the call. Neglect to stop a train on the call being made, if it conduced to the death or injury of a passenger, might give ground for a civil action; but if the company choose to run this risk, and are only careful to provide an apparatus for signalling in working order, they may take notice of the signal or not, as they like. The passenger, in fact, is in precisely the same position as Glendower in regard to the spirits. He can "call," but whether there will be any result is quite another question.—*Law Journal*.

Turnips and Jam.—According to the correspondent of a trade journal, it is a mistake to suppose that fruit is absolutely necessary to the manufacture of preserves. He describes a visit to a large jam-producing factory, in which he found that the work was being bravely carried on without the aid of fruit at all. Jams of various kinds were being produced before his eyes—currant, plum, apricot, strawberry, raspberry, and gooseberry. Yet neither currant, plum, strawberry, apricot, raspberry, nor gooseberry was in the building. Turnips served the purposes of the fruit. The flavouring matter was extracted from coal-tar, and the resemblance to raspberry and strawberry jam was further produced by mixing the boiling compound with small seeds of some cheap innocuous herb. A common form of sugar is used, and this is the only honest ingredient of the mess. These preserves are offered as made from "this season's fruit."

Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour of the Grenadier Guards.—A comrade of this lamented officer paid a graceful tribute to his memory in a letter to the "Times," in which he said: "He was pre-eminently a company officer. Taking the greatest interest in his non-commissioned officers and men, his continuous aim was to improve them as soldiers when on duty, and to minister to their comforts and assist in their sports when off duty. When his company was employed on fatigue in clearing away the dams in the Canal, he, thinking that his men would work harder with a good example, went in himself, and plied the pick and spade literally at the head of his men." Colonel Balfour died from the effects of a wound received at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

Cost of Bombardment.—Some curious facts are stated as to the money cost of bombarding the Alexandria forts. Every round fired from each of the four 80-ton guns of the Inflexible cost the nation £25 10s. The 25-ton guns, of which the Alexandria carries two, the Monarch four, and the Téméraire four, cost £7 per round per gun. The 18-ton guns, of which the Alexandria carries ten, the Sultan eight, the Superb sixteen, and the Téméraire four, cost £5 5s. per round per gun. The 12-ton guns, of which the Invincible carries ten, the Monarch two, and the Sultan four, cost £3 12s. per round per gun. The Penelope, which alone carries 9-ton guns, has eight of them, which were discharged at a cost of £2 15s. per round per gun. The Monarch and the Bittern each fired a 6½-ton gun, the cost being £1 15s. per round per gun. The Beacon and the Cygnet have two 64-pounders each, the cost of discharging which is 18s. per round per gun. The Penelope carries three 40-pounders, the Beacon two, and the Bittern two, the cost of discharging

which was just 12s. per round per gun. In addition to this there is a sum to be calculated for the firing of the smaller armaments of the Cygnet, Condor, and Decoy.

Police Court Poor-boxes.—Sir Robert W. Carden, M.P., in the course of the proceedings at the Guildhall Police Court recently, referred to applications which had been made to him unavailingly for assistance, and added that he never remembered the poor-box to be so thoroughly exhausted as it had been for some time past. The want of funds had constrained the magistrates to withhold the aid which would have been readily given in cases of genuine distress. In addition to the denial of pecuniary help to individuals, the inability to continue subscriptions for letters of admission to various hospitals and other charitable institutions, and for medicine and advice, had deprived very necessitous patients of that relief their circumstances required. Charitable contributions were nowhere so beneficially applied as at the police courts of the metropolis. The means of investigation were ample, and nothing was given without due consideration and proper inquiry. The funds were administered carefully—not injudiciously—and every farthing received was bestowed in charity, not a penny being drawn for expenses. Temporary relief was given only with the view to a permanent benefit, and nothing with the object of eking out parochial help. In some cases persons from the country, who had failed to find the employment they hoped for in London, and lingered on until they had parted with their last copper, were assisted back to their friends and homes. In others, where the funds permitted, poor convalescent patients were sent for short periods to the seaside or inland homes to complete the cures commenced in metropolitan institutions. Applicants for the benefits of hospitals for consumption and diseases of the chest were numerous, and formed an important item among the claims upon the poor-box, but probably the most valuable assistance given was that in the shape of trusses and other surgical appliances, beyond the means of poor patients to procure. When these facts became generally known, as he (Sir Robert W. Carden) trusted they would be through the medium of the press, he felt confident that an appeal for the replenishment of the Guildhall and other poor-boxes would not have been made in vain.

Sir Henry Havelock and Lord William Bentinck.—It is well known that, besides lacking powerful influence, the young soldier had many prejudices to contend with which formed a bar to his advancement. It is pleasing to read that when he made application through his colonel to Lord William Bentinck for the adjutancy of the 13th Regiment, his wife, whose death in honoured age we recently had to lament, ventured to second her husband's request in a letter to Lord William, who was then both Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief. Requested to call at Barrackpore Park, she was received by Lady William with the cordiality of a friend. A cloud must have fallen upon her as the Governor-General entered the room, holding in his hands a packet of letters, which he proposed to read to her, for they were written by officers whose ill-will, as she well knew, had been roused by Havelock's religious exertions. They indeed contained complaints of his "strong religious views," and one affirmed that these would prevent him from acting with impartiality; but, perceiving his visitor's perturbation, Lord William had fortunately prefaced his observations with the kind words: "Before I refer to this correspondence I give you the assurance that I have bestowed the adjutancy on your husband." His reason for so doing he said was the fact that he was "unquestionably the fittest man in the corps for it." He had found from inquiries, he said—and the words must have been musical in the ears of the anxious wife—that the men who had come under his influence were "the most sober, orderly, and best behaved;" but, added he, pointing to the letters with a smile, "the adjutant mustn't preach."

Silos and Ensilage.—These words denote a new process introduced from the United States, and likely to prove of vast importance to British agriculturists. A silo is a water and air-tight pit, in which green fodder is stored, compressed, and kept by pressure free from all but a very slight fermentation. Provided air and water can be kept from the pit, it does not signify what is the material of which the sides are made. A silo may be even dug in the side of a hill, and the

storage be effected by walls of earth. But the cheapest and safest material is concrete. Mr. Thurber ("Silos and Ensilage," New York, 1881) gives as the proportions of his concrete, one part Portland cement to five parts sharp sand. A silo can be packed with all kinds of green fodder. Maize, rye, clover, millet, cow peas, grass, all and every kind of green food for cattle except roots can be used. Some pack it without shredding it, some, as Mr. Haremeyer, cut the corn stalks by a machine into quarter-of-an-inch lengths. When a silo is to be packed, a wall of planks, eight feet to ten feet high, is raised round the pit, and the whole is filled to the top. The mass soon sinks; planks are at once placed on the top, these fitting evenly to the sides of the pit, and the whole is loaded with barrels of sand, each weighing 500 pounds, three layers of such barrels being employed. When the mass is thoroughly pressed it occupies, with the weights, about three-fourths of the pit. When the stowed fodder is needed for use the barrels are raised by a simple hoisting apparatus and deposited in an empty pit. The boards are lifted and the herdsmen descend into the silo by a ladder. The preserved forage is hoisted in baskets and spread for a few hours on the floor. It is then served out to the cattle and greedily devoured by them. Professor Thorold Rogers says: "I cannot help regarding ensilage as more fitting for the United Kingdom than for America. They who practise it say that it doubles the fertility of the land at a stroke. I can conceive nothing which is of greater public interest at the present time than the restoration of English agriculture to its old courage and inventive activity; and it is the duty, and should be the pleasure, of every one who has seen a successful agricultural experiment in a distant country to invite his fellow-countrymen to examine what is new, which can be tried at comparatively little cost by hundreds of enterprising agriculturists, and is claimed by those who have had experience in it as certainly satisfactory and profitable."

Such is Fame!—A weekly journal, in its paragraphs of Literary Announcements, recently said that "Dr. McCosh, formerly of Belfast, now Principal of an American College, is about to issue a work," which then is briefly described. The ingenious writer is evidently unaware that this Dr. McCosh, "formerly of Belfast," is the author of works which not only the highest authorities as to matter and style, such as Sir William Hamilton and Hugh Miller, but historians of philosophy, as Ulrici and Dörner, have classed among the great books of our time. "The Intuitions of the Mind," "The Method of the Divine Government," and the "Examination of John Stuart Mill's Philosophy," are works which will live when many now popular treatises are forgotten. Dr. McCosh is now President of "an American College," over which once presided "the one great metaphysician of the New World," as Dugald Stewart called Jonathan Edwards, of Princeton, New Jersey.

Lifeboat Perils and Pay.—Sometime since there was a failure to obtain volunteers for the lifeboat at Lowestoft. Happily this is a rare event. The excuse was that the men thought not of themselves, but of risking their lives as bread-winners for their families. The correspondent of a daily paper says: "I yield to no one in my respect and admiration of the National Lifeboat Institution. No man has worked harder in the noble cause of life-saving than its secretary, and he richly merits all that he receives from the funds supplied by the public. But I say that this balance-sheet points to a system of payments that cannot be too speedily altered if the lifeboat cause is to flourish, and if we desire to have no recurrence of the deplorable scene witnessed at Lowestoft. The money subscribed by the public is meant for the men who man the boats, who brave the bitter gales, and who have been instrumental in saving seven-eighths of the 1,121 human beings who, according to the Institution's report, were rescued last year. If I send £5 to this charity, I am quite content that £2 of it should go to the maintenance of the boats, but I am not satisfied if I hear that £1 only has gone to the poor fellows who have been risking their lives all night, and the rest to officials who, if you cannot expect them to be philanthropic for nothing, might at least be satisfied with an income equal to ten times the pay of a coxswain. I have written about the lifeboats before. I know the work, the hardships, the deadly perils of the service, and I say it will not do for us landmen, toasting ourselves before

large fires, with a good roof over our heads, to sit in judgment upon men who hesitate to launch themselves into the white and furious sea for the sum of ten shillings or a pound. Their pay ought to be increased; but I should not advocate large rewards if I did not know that they could be made. The income last year of the Institution was £37,781 6s. 3d.; of this, £19,694 or 4d. went to the maintenance of the boats, repairs, etc.; leaving £18,000, of which not £9,000, if you deduct the coxswains' salaries, was given to the men. The remainder, £9,000, is too large a sum for salaries, auditors, etc., to be taken from a charity. A large proportion should be given to those for whom it is intended. Let this be done, let this be proved to be done, and the public need not fear any repetition of the Lowestoft scandal."

The Moravians.—The Moravian Brothers have been celebrating in the little German town of Herrnhut the 150th anniversary of the sending forth of missionaries from among their body to spread a knowledge of the Gospel among the negro slaves. It was in 1732, ten years after the foundation of Herrnhut, that the first mission set out for the West Indies. Since that period it is stated that upwards of 2,000 of the Brethren have founded Christian communities numbering at present more than 76,000 souls.

Canadian Trade.—An examination of the trade and navigation accounts of Canada for the year ending June, 1881, presented last Session, shows that the imports into the Dominion from Great Britain were £43,583,808 during that period, against £30,933,130 in 1879, when the new tariff came into operation. The imports from the United States for the same years were \$31,704,112, and \$43,739,219 respectively. These figures show that the imports into Canada from Great Britain are increasing steadily, and that those from the United States are decreasing. This is no unimportant fact, considering the statements that have been made continually during the last few years and repeated only recently, that the tariff of Canada was intended to discriminate against England. Another feature of Canadian statistics that is viewed with satisfaction is the increase in the foreign trade of Canada, both as regards imports and exports.

Foreign Mission Contributions.—The annual summary of British contributions to seventy-seven societies, for foreign mission work, during the financial year 1881, has just been completed by Canon Scott Robertson, of Sittingbourne. The total is £15,381 less than that of the previous year. The chief items are as follows: Church of England Missions, £460,395; Joint Societies of Churchmen and Nonconformists, £153,320; English Nonconformist Societies, £313,177; Scotch and Irish Presbyterian Societies, £155,767; Roman Catholic Societies, £10,910.—Total British contributions in 1881, £1,093,569.

Who gets the Profit?—At the present moment wheat is from eight to nine shillings a quarter cheaper than it was this time last year, and yet the price of the quarter loaf has known no abatement. "Who then," inquires the correspondent of a contemporary, "pockets the difference and robs the public?" The same class probably to which we are indebted for the startling fact that salt cod and other cured fish which, including the expense of fisherman, curer, railway carriage, and transport across London, costs no more than a penny halfpenny per pound, is never retailed at less than sixpence per pound, and sometimes at more. "Who," it is naturally asked, "has the other fourpence halfpenny?"

Canine Heroine at Tel-el-Kebir.—"Land and Water" says: "At Tel-el-Kebir, Juno, an old Irish setter, belonging to the First Battalion Gordon Highlanders, bravely 'rushed' the entrenchments at the head of the Highlanders, and displayed a coolness inside and a courage which elicited universal applause, no more minding the rain of bullets than if she was out snipe shooting. Whether she tackled the enemy we do not know; the rest we can vouch for. But even if her teeth did not meet in any Egyptian leg, her appearance must have spread consternation in the rebel ranks. Here, they thought, no doubt, was one of the '2,000 bloodhounds' which Sir Garnet Wolseley was credited with keeping in reserve, and the dauntless pluck exhibited by Juno must have duly im-

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pressed upon their timid minds the awful consequences which would befall them if they waited for the arrival of her 1,999 canine comrades. They did not wait, but bolted for their lives, with Private Juno merrily snapping at their heels. Juno has long been a pet of the regiment. When the order came, to proceed to Egypt, every one said that Juno must go too, and go she did, very much to the delight of the men." Juno marched at the head of the regiment through London in the "triumph" of November 18th.

Longfellow.—When the poet Longfellow died, I believe the loss was felt quite as much in this country and in our colonies as it was in the United States themselves. I would leave to others to go into acute criticisms as to the reason why Longfellow, one of an eminent group of American poets who have survived him, should have attained to that immense popularity, and become so well known among all the English-speaking nations of the world, but it is perfectly obvious that no man ever more united genuine patriotism with cosmopolitan feeling. A great linguist, a great traveller, with a mind impregnated with the legends of old Europe—no one so vividly brought before us the legends of the native tribes of his own country. He acted entirely on the principle which he once embodied in verse—that poetry should have its roots in its native soil, but its branches should feed in unpatriotic air. One thing that strikes us all is that, similar to his life, his poetry was imbued with the soundest and the most healthy morality. These are his claims to an exceptional honour. I believe the honour we propose is altogether of an exceptional character, and one that could not possibly be made the rule in this country. Personally I am prepared to help you as far as I can to do honour to this great American poet, whose works we value as those of Alfred Tennyson or any other of our great poets.—*Lord Granville.*

Egypt and the Egyptians.—We must bear in mind that we have also to guard the interests and to consult the feelings of the people of Egypt; and, as we have now a predominating influence in that country, it must be exerted for their welfare. They are for the most part a quiet, inoffensive, hard-working race, engaged in agricultural occupations. They have been grievously governed in days gone by, and it is our duty now to see that they are freed, not only from military despotism, but from oppression of all kinds. So far as I am enabled to judge from the interviews I had with his Highness the Khedive, he is an able and well-disposed prince. His chief difficulty, probably, will be in finding good and competent ministers and governors. I do not think that Egypt requires a large army; the smaller the better, I should say. An efficient police is greatly needed, and for our part the duty is plain—to foster real liberty and peace, and preserve the people from injustice and oppression.—*The Duke of Connaught.*

Dr. Richardson's Report on the Healthiness of Brighton.—In 1881 there was a very serious increase of epidemic diseases in Brighton, small-pox being especially prevalent in Hove and the western district. The facts were notorious, but the "Lancet," in commenting on the facts, made a general statement as to the unhealthiness of the town from defective sanitary conditions. This medical opinion was so damaging that the town authorities resolved to prosecute the "Lancet" for libel, at the same time engaging Dr. Richardson to make an official report. The "Lancet" having published this report *in extenso*, made some explanations which induced the Corporation to abandon the intended legal proceedings. Dr. Richardson, in his report, touches very lightly on the epidemics which led to all the inquiry, and states that "the mortality from four diseases in the epidemic period defined was due to accidental and social as distinguished from any general causes affecting the town altogether, and that the town had been singularly favoured in respect to the prevalence of the other diseases of the contagious and epidemic type." The report is altogether most favourable, and Brighton is said to be unsurpassed so far as water, air, and soil, and all the natural conditions of health are concerned. But it would have been well if more had been said about the "accidental and social, as distinguished from the general sources of disease." There is wanted a far more stringent system of medical and hygienic inspection, with more authority committed to the officers of health. Every

case should not only be reported, but means taken for isolation, and for preventing the spread of disease. In Paris the rules and arrangements as to these matters are far more rigidly carried out. The remarks on house-sewage apply to all large towns. "The authorities should, I think, more earnestly insist than they have yet done on the importance to every householder that he should separate his house from the sewer by an open grating; that he should most distinctly connect his house with the sewer by a good trap; that the soil pipe of his house should be freely open above the house; and that the present effete pan closet should be replaced by the valve or syphon system." This is all very well, but the compulsion ought to be upon builders of houses, and upon district surveyors, not upon the occupiers of houses, who are ignorant as to what has to be done, and fear the expenses in which they may be involved by calling in the sanitary engineer.

Saluting the Holy Carpet.—The facts, in short, are, that no people are more averse to idolatry than Mussulmans, and that no worship is paid to the Mecca carpets presented by the Sultan and Khedive respectively; but that the howdah, or litter, which is supposed to represent the presence of the suzerain, has always been the object of honours, and is annually saluted, as the Queen's colours are saluted throughout her dominions. The Khedive's Egyptian army had ceased to exist, and Sir G. Wolsley, as military governor of Cairo, considered that her Majesty's troops, who on the occasion were to a large extent Mussulmans, should give the same salute as that given by Egyptians. Their presence was, in fact, essential for the preservation of order on an occasion of great annual interest, when large numbers of the population in and around Cairo are collected. Section 2, Paragraph 70, of the Queen's Regulations, especially sanctions such salutes as may have been customary on these occasions; and I consider that Sir G. Wolsley acted in accordance with the spirit of that regulation.—*Mr. Childers, Secretary of War.*

The Law Courts at Westminster.—The Courts of Law have held their sittings there for seven hundred years. Nearly all the great State trials have taken place at Westminster. Hither the gloomy band of gunpowder conspirators were brought up for judgment. Here More and Fisher, Northumberland and Buckingham, were tried. Here Stratford pleaded vainly for his life. Here Hampden held up his hand, and here took place "the thing that was not done in a corner," the trial of Charles I. Naturally the lawyers cherish the memory of Westminster Hall, with its splendid traditions of the learning and eloquence of Holt and Hale, of Mansfield and Camden, of Ellenborough, Denman, and Cockburn. Moreover, the Law Courts at Westminster are so conveniently close to the High Court of Parliament. The Hall of Rufus is an antechamber alike to the King's Bench and the Common Pleas and to the Houses of Lords and Commons; and the peer in his robes of to-day may have been the stuff-gownsmen of thirty years since. But the best of friends must part; and, although Westminster Hall itself has been magnificently renovated, the Courts adjoining it, narrow, ill-lighted, and ill-ventilated as they are, have long been notoriously inadequate for the decorous administration of justice. As regards the great mass of the community, they will possibly be very pleased to learn that the judges and the Bar are about to be installed in comelier and more comfortable quarters than those in which they have hitherto been bestowed, and where, in addition, jurymen have been periodically tortured, and witnesses subjected to the "peine forte et dure" of physical discomfort, time out of mind.

Farmers Then and Now.

Then.	Now.
Man, to the plough;	Man, tally-ho!
Wife, to the cow;	Miss, piano;
Girl, to the sow;	Wife, silk and satin;
Boy, to the mow;	Boy, Greek and Latin;
And your rents will be	And you'll all be
Netted.	"Gazetted!"

Cetywayo.—The "Cape Times" says: "Cetywayo has brought back from England many handsome and costly souvenirs of his visit, including a stick with silver head and

silver ferule, given to him by the Prince of Wales, beautiful Cashmere shawls from great ladies for his wife and female suite, superb railway rugs and piles of prints and other dress stuffs for the use of persons who prefer the garb of Nora Creina. But of all his mementoes that which he values most is a great silver goblet presented to him by the Queen, and bearing the inscription—"Presented to H. M. King Cetywayo by H. M. Queen Victoria, August 14th, 1882." In addition to the goblet the Queen gave him with her own hands a photograph of herself, rather larger than cabinet size."

An Early Bias.—An American, who spoke at the meeting for distributing prizes and rewards for school essays on humanity to animals, gave an interesting personal anecdote. "Some forty years ago a teacher in a little wooden school-house in a country town in New England gave to a little lad, as a reward of merit, a card having on it a picture of a bird's nest, and underneath it were printed these lines:

'If ever I see, on bush or tree,
Young birds in their pretty nest,
I must not in play steal those birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast;
For my mother, I know, would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away;
So I'll speak to the birds in my softest words,
Nor harm them in my play.'

The words of that reward of merit sank deep into the heart of that lad. He never will forget them. That lad, now a man of mature years, was mainly instrumental in forming the Humane Society at Chicago. Four or five years afterwards they did him the honour of making him the first President. Four or five years after that he was chosen President of the American Humane Association, to which Humane Societies in all parts of the United States belong. Now, if it had not been for that reward of merit I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you here to-day."

The Indian Contingent in Egypt.—Contrasted with the heavy losses of English troops through climate and disease, the condition of the Indian troops gave a lesson to the war authorities for future service. It is stated that none of the contingent suffered the least in health, and for days together there was not a single man of the native corps in hospital. Every man, camp followers and all, that landed in Egypt, embarked to go back again, except the few who were killed by the enemy. The horses and mules, too, were all right the whole time. One lot of the 6th Cavalry, that only left Ismailia on the evening of the 12th, were present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir on the 13th, and were in Cairo on the 14th, eighty-five miles from Ismailia, and not a horse or man left behind. The men never missed a meal the whole time, and generally their stores, hospital, and everything were up within an hour after they got to the end of their march."

New York to Paris by Rail.—Some American engineers have been amusing the public by the project of an overland route to Paris. The journey is to be completed in less than six days, the sea transit occupying less than two hours. The line starting from New York, would cross the Canadian Dominion and the territory of Alaska, to Prince of Wales Cape, where the travellers will be conveyed by steamer to Cape East, on the Asiatic side of Behring's Strait, at a distance of about forty miles from the western extremity of the North American Continent. After landing in Asia, the line traverses the Siberian territory of Russia, the railways of which are in correspondence with Moscow and St. Petersburg, and thence to all the capitals of the European continent. It is estimated that the whole distance between New York and Paris could be covered, at express speed, in 130 hours, a little less than the actual time taken now to reach San Francisco; and if the line is encouraged, the fare would not exceed 750 francs each passenger.

Anecdote of Nêlaton.—A pet dog of the painter Meissonier one day broke one of his legs, rendered friable by over feeding. Meissonier, desolated by such an accident to so beloved an animal, resolved to have recourse to the prince of surgical science, who at that time was Nêlaton; but not venturing to declare the true motive, he telegraphed

in hot haste for him as if to visit one of the family, then living at their charming residence at Bougival. Nêlaton arrived, and entering the drawing-room, began talking on various topics with the master of the house, who, although he had painted many battles and carried off many victories, knew not how to face the present affair. At last Nêlaton, becoming impatient at the delay, and knowing the value of his time, asked, to the great embarrassment of the painter, where the patient was. Presently the wounded brute was brought in on a magnificent cushion, howling with pain in spite of all the care taken. At so distressing a spectacle, Meissonier, forgetting everything else, exclaimed in agony, "Save him! illustrious master, save him!" Nêlaton dressed the fracture, and the dog recovered; and shortly afterwards its master wrote a grateful letter to the great surgeon, thanking him for his kindness, and requesting to know his fee. Nêlaton replied that when the painter came to Paris he could call upon him. This he soon did, and was producing his purse crammed with bank-notes, when Nêlaton exclaimed, "Stop, sir! you are a painter, are you not? Just put a grey coating on these two panels which the cabinet-makers have finished!" This was indeed a delicate revenge; but which had the last word? Meissonier, who, going at once to work, at the end of a few days produced two of his *chef-d'œuvre* on the panels.—*Medical Times and Gazette.*

Blood-Letting.—A medical journal thus refers to the revolution in medical practice as to blood-letting: "No one of the present generation, reading for the first time the clinical memorabilia of 1832, could fail to be struck by one all-pervading method of treatment, viz., blood-letting. Indeed, at first sight, it almost obscured our perception of any other therapeutical means or agents. The difficulty was to name diseases in which it was not used, not those in which it was. To get a full impression of this frequency, they must read, one after another, the records of cases in which—medical, surgical, traumatic, and obstetrical—bleeding from the arm was practised. Indeed, this did not exhaust the category. The chief resource of preventive medicine was to let blood from the arm every spring and fall. Such was the practice of that day, and such, in large measure, the therapeutical science; for these things were done, not only by obscure apothecaries, but under the direction and auspices of those who constituted the highest court of scientific appeal. Not many years before 1832 a weekly medical journal, which still maintained its high character, was instituted under the name of the 'Lancet.' In a few years after this date, the title of the periodical had well-nigh become an anachronism."

Diet for the Cyclist.—Mr. Wynter Blyth, medical officer of health for Marylebone, writes in the "Sanitary Record": "I have studied the diets recorded as in use, and find that those who have done long journeys successfully have used that class of diet which science has shown most suitable for muscular exertion—viz., one of a highly nitrogenised character—plenty of meat, eggs, and milk, with bread, but not much butter, and no alcohol. I have cycled for over fifty miles, taking frequent draughts of beer, and in these circumstances, although there has been no alcoholic effect, it has caused great physical depression. The experience of others is the same. However much it may stimulate for a little while, a period of well-marked depression follows. I attribute this in part to the salts of potash which some beers contain, in part to injurious bitters, and in part to the alcohol. My own experience as to the best drink when on the road is most decidedly in favour of tea. Tea appears to rouse both the nervous and muscular system, with, so far as I can discover, no after-depressing effect."

Longfellow and Washington Irving.—The Dean of Westminster, in giving his sanction to the erection of a memorial to Longfellow in the Abbey, said it would be well to associate the name of one of his countrymen, whose writings have contributed to bind together the two nations. The name of Washington Irving is one familiar as a household word, and he, of all Americans, has most deeply touched the common sympathies of readers on both sides the Atlantic. This could be gracefully embodied in the inscription on the Longfellow monument.

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SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTIONS.

ARMY SCRIPTURE READERS' & SOLDIERS' FRIEND SOCIETY. 4, Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.—Sole object of the Society, to spread the saving knowledge of Christ among our soldiers. There are 98 Scripture Readers, 20 abroad and 78 at home. Contributions thankfully received by Treasurer, V. G. M. HOLT, Esq., 17, Whitehall Place; or by Secretary, Mr. W. A. BLAKE, at Society's Offices.

DESTITUTE & NEGLECTED CHILDREN.—Contributions to the CHILDREN'S AID & REFUGE FUND help to provide maintenance, with religious and industrial training, for upwards of 4,000 children in the various Homes and Refuges connected with the Reformatory and Refuge Union. FUNDS urgently NEEDED.—Bankers; Messrs. Ransome, Bouvier, & Co., 1, Pall Mall East, S.W.; Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Smith, 1, Lombard Street, E.C.

FRIENDLESS & FALLEN.—London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution. Established 1847. Sustains Six Homes and an Open-all-Night Refuge for the Young Women and Girls. 18,000 have been admitted. Suitable cases received immediately, on personal application, to the utmost capacity of the Homes.

500 Meals have to be provided every week. £1200 of required daily to sustain all the Homes. CONTRIBUTIONS earnestly solicited, and may be sent to Messrs. Bosanquet, Salt, & Co., Bankers 73, Lombard Street, E.C.; Francis Nichols, Esq. (of the Committee), 14, Old Jerry Chambers, E.C., or to

EDWARD W. THOMAS, Sec.
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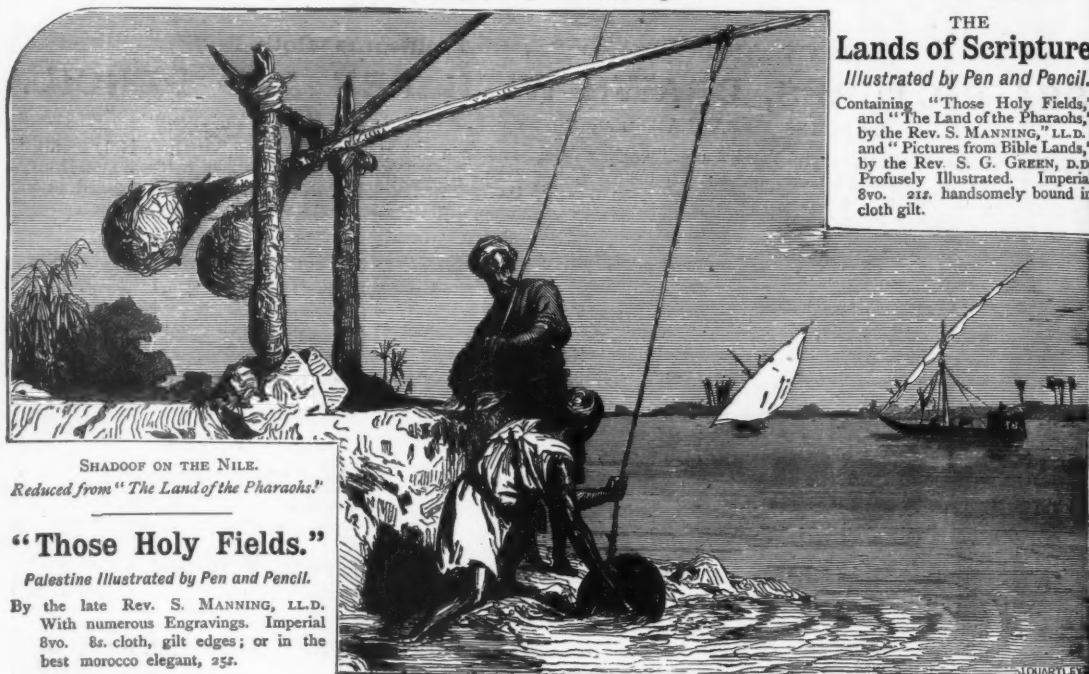
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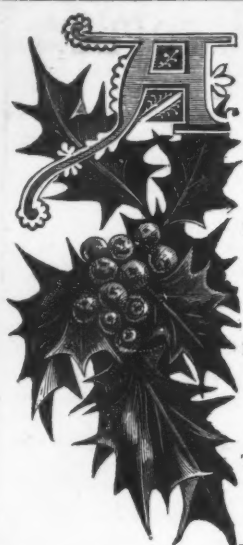
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